

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

SEPTEMBER 13, 1941

WHO'S WHO

BENJAMIN L. MASSE is welcomed as Associate Editor of this Review. He was a member of the Staff, temporarily, in 1939, and has written for our columns during the past ten years. He was formerly a professor at Regis College, Denver, Colo., and at St. Stanislaus Seminary, Florissant, Mo. . . . ORLANDO A. BATTISTA, after graduating from McGill University, Montreal, Canada, secured employment as a cellulose research chemist at the American Viscose Corporation. . . . IMELDA C. RAUSCH, herself a recent graduate, essays to offer some sound advice. . . . JAMES HART, assistant pastor at St. John the Evangelist Church, White Plains, N. Y., lectures in ethics at Good Counsel College. His article is a tribute to Rev. Ambrose Hyland, through whose zeal the Chapel of the Good Thief, Saint Dismas, was erected and dedicated. . . . ARNOLD LUNN, English author and lecturer, is well known to our readers and the American public. . . . JOSEPH T. DURKIN, while delving into the archives of Fordham University, recently uncovered a number of valuable documents. He was formerly lecturer and assistant dean of the history department, Georgetown University, Washington, D. C. . . . FRANCIS X. CONNOLLY, recognized as one of our brilliant literary critics, has recently completed the history of Fordham University, which celebrates its centenary next week. . . . THE POETS are Frances Friesseke, wife of Kenton Kilmer, Washington, D. C.; Henry Rago, Notre Dame University lecturer; Sister M. Charitina, Clark College, Dubuque, Iowa; Sara Smith Campbell, also of Dubuque; and John Maher Murphy, New York, a frequent contributor to *Spirit*, published by the Catholic Poetry Society.

THIS WEEK

COMMENT 618

GENERAL ARTICLES

- One Remedy Alone Will Cure Our Depressed Public Morale.....Benjamin L. Masse 621
Wide Open Fields for Catholic Scientists
Orlando A. Battista 623
The Smaller Colleges Impart More Culture
Imelda C. Rausch 624
Oh, for a Homer or a Dante.....Arnold Lunn 626
Dismas of Dannemora.....James V. Hart 627
Rev'd Adam Marshall, Navy Schoolmaster, 1824
Joseph T. Durkin, S.J. 628

EDITORIALS 630

- Morale by Chemistry . . . Retrenchment . . .
Hideous and Hateful . . . Our Deeper Needs . . .
The Broken Home . . . Hearts That Mourn.

CORRESPONDENCE 633

LITERATURE AND ARTS

- Catholic Fiction: 4. Two Reactions
Francis X. Connolly 634

POETRY 636

- The Enduring Way.....John Maher Murphy
SteamboatSara Smith Campbell
Poem to a Dead Girl.....Henry Rago
ConsolationFrances Friesseke
Like Young Birds Drifting...Sister M. Charitina

BOOKS REVIEWED BY 637

- The Origin of the Jesuits.....John Wiltbye
The Venables.....Joseph R. N. Maxwell
William Allen White.....J. F. Murphy

MUSIC... THEATRE... FILMS... EVENTS

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COMMENT

PARTNERSHIP of the United States with Soviet Russia is no longer a matter of speculation, nor even of argument. This country is definitely committed to all-out aid to Moscow and the regime of Premier Stalin for the duration of the war against Hitler. President Roosevelt has named a commission of five, under the chairmanship of W. Averell Harriman, to consult in Russia with a British and a Soviet mission. The purpose being that of "supplying to Russia by the United States and Great Britain of munitions, raw materials and other supplies needed by Russia for her defense against German aggression." No formal alliance between the three Governments has been forged. No agreement on ideologies is foreshadowed. The purpose of the Moscow conferences is solely that of expediting the shipment of material things, such as tanks, airplanes, guns and the like, to the hands of the Russian people. The aim is clear to the Soviets, the British and the Americans, namely, that of staving off further Nazi conquests through the Soviet soldiery. Such a conference as that of Moscow is not and cannot be built on solid grounds of confidence. Premier Stalin's regime places no faith in the capitalistic democracies. And Britain and the United States are far too sagacious to conclude that the Bolsheviks may not wriggle. But all three nations have committed themselves to a common end—so, they agree, any means are justifiable. Grave difficulties face the conferees: that of production, that of shipment, that of use of the materials in warfare. The position of Great Britain and of Soviet Russia is clear: they are nations at war. The United States is officially at peace, is in war only oratorically. The whole question of Communism and Stalinism has been officially obliterated by the British and the American Governments. But the question will not down, and out of the melee of war and the pooling of resources, will rise the greater plague of Marxism.

MANIFESTATIONS of high ethical fervor lighted up the dark news of the past week. From his editorial chair in Rome, Signor Virginio Gayda, Mussolini's mouthpiece, charged that the Russo-British occupation of Iran "represents the employment of an aggressive and an imperialistic force that coolly furthers a deliberate plan of conquest." German spokesmen were even more high-minded. "Never in the history of mankind," alleged the Nazis, "has there been a case of such unlawful and imperialistic aggression." Not to be outdone by their allies, the Japanese announced that their delicate moral sense was "shocked" by the invasion of Iran. It remained, however, for Russia, hitherto somewhat suspect, to strike the loftiest note of all. In a very ecstasy of religious feeling, the Moscow

radio accused the German regime of "menacing the very existence of Christianity" and working for the overthrow of "Christ, the King." All "God-loving inhabitants of the occupied countries" were exhorted to rise in defense of their religious liberties. Although the barefaced insincerity of this propaganda is obvious, still it does witness that even those who profess the supremacy of force must reckon with the moral sense of mankind.

BY a vote of 635 to 539, James B. Carey, twenty-nine year old national secretary of the CIO, was ousted on September 3 from the presidency of the United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers of America. The vote was a rejection of his appeal for condemnation of Communism, Nazism and Fascism. Delegates who bitterly combated Mr. Carey and upheld his successful opponent, Albert J. Fitzgerald, were swayed by an argument that the adoption of an anti-"ism" resolution would encourage "Red-baiting" within the organization, and would further internal dissension. Mr. Carey needs no consolation, for he has a long life ahead of him, and will live to see those who are now joined in the pro-Communist, pro-Nazi shouting heartily ashamed of the spectacle they made of themselves. But he can console himself even now by the thought that if the issue actually is Red-baiting—irresponsible and malicious stigmatizing of innocent persons as Communist or Communistically inclined—those who defeated him have chosen the most effective guarantee of its continuance. As long as no clearcut steps are taken to eliminate subversive elements at once from the organization, seeds for perpetual dissension and suspicion remain in its ranks. If nothing can be proved *against* an individual's sanity, nothing can be proved to establish it. The result will be a continued and hateful crop of the very phenomenon that Mr. Carey's labor-minded resolution was calculated to destroy.

SPEAKING of morale, we are reminded that the schools have, or ought to have, a lot to do with it. And one thing here is, we think, certain—the schools are not doing right by the morale of the country when they continue the headlong process of making things easier and easier for the pupils. And they are doing just that. A tribute in the September *Readers' Digest* praises the magazine as being one of the "great teachers of our generation," on the grounds that pupils absorb much more information from the *Digest's* condensed articles than from the longer originals. In other words, the *Digest* does your thinking for you. And word comes from Kansas City that the public schools there are going to streamline the English courses, and offer

the movies and magazines (including the movie magazines), newspapers, radio and modern books instead of the English classics. It is good to sugar-coat many a pill, but you cannot make the whole pill sugar. If this making life easy for the pupils keeps up, there will soon be no more school-boys "with shining morning face, creeping like snail unwillingly to school." They will trip merrily to school, and merrily out into life, and sorrowfully trip up when they finally have to face some work.

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THE intervention issue found voices, pro and con. . . . An immediate declaration of war was demanded by Lewis Mumford, author, and by the Slavonic Committee for Democracy, New York. . . . In England, the London *Sunday Times* remarked: "We are frankly disappointed with United States aid to Britain." . . . Steps to have the Attorney General investigate the America First Committee were announced by Joseph Goldstein, former New York magistrate, and by Herman Hoffman, Grand Master of the Independent Order B'rith Abraham. . . . Representative Samuel Dickstein requested Congressman Dies to look into the America First committee, while James H. Sheldon, of the Anti-Nazi League, exclaimed: "The America First Committee must be destroyed." . . . The Communist organ, the *Daily Worker*, demanded that the United States set up a Western Front with Britain and Russia. . . . Speaking in Oklahoma, Richard G. Casey, Australian Minister to Washington, asserted Hitler could conquer the United States by economic and political means. . . . Intimating that the danger to the United States has increased, President Roosevelt, at a Roosevelt Home Club meeting, stated with regard to the question of avoiding war: "Yet, you know, it isn't all in our keeping; it isn't all our own decision." . . . In a world-wide Labor Day broadcast, President Roosevelt declared Americans were always ready to fight for their rights, and asserted "the enemies will take heart" unless "we step up production and more greatly safeguard it on its journeys to the battlefields." The President said he would not heed "a few appeasers and Nazi sympathizers" who "ask me to negotiate with Hitler" and thus "become a modern Benedict Arnold." He added: "I know that I speak the conscience and determination of the American people when I say that we shall do everything in our power to crush Hitler." . . . Sidney Hillman, of the OPM, stated Hitler has marked the United States for future conquest.

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THE United Press reported that London papers characterized President Roosevelt's Labor Day speech as the most warlike he has yet made. . . . John T. Flynn, of the America First Committee, declared that if doing "everything in our power to crush Hitler" meant use of naval and military power, the President did not "speak the conscience and determination of the American people." The American people have no intention of supplying the millions of men that would be necessary for

that operation, Mr. Flynn stated. . . . Retorting to Mr. Roosevelt's use of the designations "appeasers and Nazi sympathizers," Senator Wheeler called for an end of "cheap and shabby name calling." American faith in democracy is being poisoned by "broken promises," the Senator charged. . . . Commented the New York *Daily News*: "We only hope the President steadfastly rejects the advice to become a Benedict Arnold, because what Benedict Arnold did was to betray his own country for the sake of Great Britain." . . . In an article published in *Army Ordnance*, Colonel T. R. Phillips, of the General Staff Corps, asserted that the bomber has made the American coast impregnable to invasion. . . . The Committee for the Restoration of Representative Government formed a bi-partisan committee in Long Island to pledge candidates for office against war. . . . Referring to Supreme Court Justice Murphy's aid-Stalin speech, Archbishop Beckman of Dubuque said: "I am confident the vast majority of our Catholic people do not agree with the unfortunate pronouncement of Justice Murphy to the Knights of Columbus." . . . Denied the use of the municipal auditorium, Charles A. Lindbergh and Senator Wheeler spoke at a baseball park in Oklahoma City. Mr. Lindbergh told the throng of 10,000 that neither the United States nor Germany could attack each other successfully, and that "England may turn against us, as she has turned against France and Finland." . . . In a Wisconsin Congressional election, Lawrence H. Smith, Republican, opposed the President's war policy. Thomas R. Amlie, Democrat, supported it. Smith received 29,657 votes; Amlie 16,942. Wendell Willkie carried the district in 1940 by a majority of only 1,000 votes. . . . Congressman Hamilton Fish declared the nation is "now in the midst of a regular conspiracy to get us into war."

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"DEEPENED and made more intimate," runs a phrase in the letter of His Holiness, Pius XII, congratulating Fordham University on its centenary, "is Our paternal joy, by the thought that We are numbered amongst your alumni and by the happy recollection of Our visit with you some years ago." And His Holiness' joy would be still deeper, could he attend the centenary's closing ceremonies, to be held September 15-17. For Pius XII was and is a scholar, and the lectures and discussions which Fordham is offering during those three days will be scholarly and fascinating. Eminent specialists in all fields have been invited to help Fordham close in glory the record of a hundred fruitful years. All the branches of human knowledge that a great University illuminates and serves—science, the arts, philosophy, education, literature—will all find new illumination that will glow more attractively and serenely for serving the cause of Catholic culture. From the heart, this Review wishes Fordham all the best that God and man can give her for the next hundred years. May her future be, as His Holiness predicted at the time of his visit, "rich in promise because you cherish the priceless inheritance of the past."

MILWAUKEE, believe it or not, does not contain a single Catholic Church. No Catholic priest resides there, and there is not a Catholic in the town. The same is true of nine other North Carolina towns and cities in the vicinity of Roanoke Rapids. Roanoke Rapids, if you do not know it, has the world's largest damask mill and is the largest manufacturer of outing flannels in the United States. Out of its 55,000 people only fifty-five are Catholics, says its pastor, Rev. Peter M. Denges. All of this lends interest to the progress of the religious vacation schools in the Tar Heel State; the splendid new chapel at Linville, N. C., built by native workmen out of North Carolina granite; the banner class of graduates at St. Mary's Mission School for colored, at Greenville, conducted by Rev. Gerard Murphy, C.M., known for his zealous work in Philadelphia; the tenth annual Retreat of the North Carolina Laymen's Retreat Association; the new Trailer Chapel dedicated in Charlotte by Bishop McGuinness; new churches at Southport and Tabor City, as related by the quarterly bulletin of the Sacred Heart Orphanage at Nazareth, N. C. Believe it or not, the future of the Church is in the South.

RICHES of the earth spill forth from Alaska in wildest profusion, say the missionaries to that country: gold by the ton, fur by the hundreds of thousands of bales, fish by the hundreds of thousands of cases a year. Defense millions, too, are pouring into Alaska, again in reckless profusion. Yet missions are being closed in that field for lack of the modicum of funds that would carry them along. The bitter fruit of America's religious disunity is that our country's defense program cannot be asked to spare a penny for the greatest of all campaigns, that of Christ. All the more reason, therefore, that all Catholics, without exception, understand speedily and effectively that the missions of the Church—home or foreign—are not mere adornments to "practical Catholicism" at home; but are the sharp test of that Catholicism.

ACCORDING to George Barnard, London correspondent of the *N.C.W.C. News Service*, the Hierarchy of Holland have again denounced the Nazis in a new pastoral letter which has been read throughout the country. The message warns against Nazi claims that Germany is fighting to preserve Christianity in Europe. It also protests, in very plain language, measures taken by the Nazis in Holland against Catholic trade associations. Catholic trade unions are now under German control with a pro-Nazi Hollander at their head, the Bishops reveal. The Nazi press and radio in reply smeared the Bishops with bitter invective, accusing them of treachery and threatening reprisals. The Bishops had already refused, in their previous letter, Christian burial to "Catholics who are known to be actual supporters of the National Socialist movement." The same applies to "Catholics who are known to be members of a Socialist or Communist organization, or of organizations with similar ideologies."

FROM Lisbon, persons active in immigration work report that the German St. Raphael's Verein, internationally known Catholic emigrant-aid association, has been dissolved in Germany and many of the Fathers arrested. In this country, the work of the St. Raphael's Verein was considered of such importance that the Bishops of the United States, in 1922, made a gift of \$1,000 to the work. The St. Raphael's Society was founded in this country by Peter Paul Cahensly with the aid of the Catholic Central Verein. The Leo House, West Twenty-third Street, New York, was established and directed by the Society. Many thousands of German Catholics all over the world remember with gratitude the aid given to them by the Verein.

INCREASING consciousness is shown by the State Department of the United States of the importance of Catholicism as an element in any effective Good Neighbor policy. This is shown by the choice of Catholics, clergy and lay, to serve on the various advisory committees of the Division of Cultural Relations.

ELSEWHERE in this issue Father James Hart tells the inspiring story of the Chapel of Saint Dismas, at Dannemora State prison. Of the men who contributed their own willing and capable labor to this fine work of art and piety, a good proportion were Negroes. Out of the forty-seven men confirmed on this occasion, twenty were Negro Catholics. Black man and white man knelt together in peace to honor and to receive their Eucharistic Lord.

FOR the eighteenth time, Canada's conference on social questions, *Semaines Sociales du Canada*, will hold its annual meeting; this time in Quebec, September 18 to 21. Information about the sessions can be obtained from the Secretariat, 1961 Rachel Street, East, Montreal. The Canadian Social Week is conducted much in the same manner as the *Semaine Sociale* in France: carefully prepared lectures, without public discussion, which are afterward published. As in France, too, it serves as a meeting place for all persons interested in social questions and a clearing-house for information. The theme is Catholic Action and Social Action.

THINKING of Catholics in this country will be aided if the Quebec conference further illustrates the relation between Catholic Action and social action. Social action is one of the functions or roles of Catholic Action, but not all Catholic Action is, strictly speaking, social action, at least in an organized or institutionalized form. The term Catholic Action is usually applied to activities which bring the personal religious ideal of the Christian to bear directly upon the lives of his fellow men, largely through personal example to those with whom he daily associates. Social Action is one of Catholic Action's roles or aspects. On the other hand, certain forms of social action are concerned with purely temporal needs, and do not fall strictly into the religious field.

ONE REMEDY ALONE WILL CURE OUR DEPRESSED PUBLIC MORALE

BENJAMIN L MASSE

NOW that the fog of secrecy covering the poor morale of our armed forces has been dissipated, Government officials, columnists, and even the man in the street have been analyzing causes and suggesting remedies. Although a number of explanations of poor Army morale has been given, few seem to have mentioned what is undoubtedly the chief reason of all, namely, the bad morale of the American public at large. Although the Congress of the United States, having accepted the thesis that a Hitler victory would menace the security of our land, has voted to turn America into an arsenal of freedom, although we are at the same time engaged in a prodigious effort to make ourselves impregnable to aggression, although the President has seen fit to declare a state of national emergency, the American people, by and large, have refused to become very excited, or even very interested.

Truly this is a disturbing phenomenon, too like the condition of affairs that prevailed in France during the winter of 1939-1940 to be comfortable. Most of us do not want war and would oppose an A.E.F. On the other hand, most of us are determined to make America so strong that, regardless of what happens in Europe, no enemy will dare attack us. Most of us, too, want to give England all possible aid. But whatever we may think as individuals, our country has been committed, by the elected representatives of the people, to all-out aid to Britain as well as to national rearmament; and to this policy we owe our loyal support.

Yet if one were to characterize the attitude of the general public, lethargic would do as well as any other word. Perhaps that is the reason why as yet our elected leaders have not asked us to make the great sacrifices which we shall surely have to make before peace returns to the world. They seem afraid, if I may be pardoned some expressive slang, that we can't take it.

Dean Robert R. Wicks of Princeton University Chapel, speaking recently in Manhattan, has come as close as anybody to laying bare the hidden cause of our national anemia. According to the daily press, Dean Wicks charged the American people with living under the delusion that man was born for happiness in this world. He suggested that the teachings of Luther, by encouraging success virtues, had been instrumental in fostering this myopic concept of human existence, adding that "application, faithfulness, thrift and frugality tend to

produce riches, which in turn make men proud, hard and lovers of power." With disapproval, he quoted also the words of the founder of Methodism: "Make all you can, save all you can, give all you can." The result of this philosophy has been that "in the long run, economics came to be the chief end of our civilization and religion surreptitiously has been made a refined means to good business and a comfortable life."

I trust I do no injustice to the Dean's thought if I restate it in capsule form. The cause of our bad public morale in the face of perhaps the greatest emergency in modern history is moral and religious flabbiness. We have denied the doctrine of original sin and for it have substituted two cancerous heresies: 1) man was made for happiness only in this world; 2) this happiness consists in material power and sensual gratification. These heresies explain why at the present moment the national backbone seems made of elastic or of synthetic rubber.

Consider, for instance, the training of our children. The whole tendency in education these past few decades has been to make learning as painless as possible. "Knowledge maketh a bloody entrance," the old proverb has it; but we determined to change all that. We minimized discipline in education; we discounted the value of will-training and reduced character education to a sublimated course in social amenities; and worst of all, by treating religion as non-existent and sometimes as benighted and pernicious, we destroyed in the minds of our children the very basis of a noble and disciplined life.

You can see, also, the double heresy at work in our great media of information and entertainment. Most of the advertising in our magazines and newspapers that does not drive us to buy from a motive of fear, such as sundry body odors or a scarlet tooth brush, appeals either to our pride or our desire for sensual gratification. The pages of our publications are so permeated with these earthy sentiments that many of our people, who otherwise would reject the idea that they were made for sensual gratification in this life, have unconsciously been influenced by them, and to that extent are less able to meet the hard problems of existence with constancy and courage.

There was a time in this country when our people as a whole took duty as a matter of fact. They knew, to give a pertinent example, that mar-

riage was much more than a stable form of sensual gratification. Brought up in the old Christian way, they willingly accepted the duties of matrimony along with the pleasures, were generous and morally strong enough to restrain themselves when restraint was necessary, looked upon the raising of children not only as a means of perfecting themselves and their love for another, but as a duty to God and to country. It is scarcely necessary to contrast this attitude with the attitude of men and women today. The hideous spread of birth control is commentary enough on our moral debility.

With the heresies that man was made only for happiness in this world and that this happiness consists in sensual gratification, for which wealth is necessary, so widely prevailing in American life, it is not in the least surprising that, faced with some danger or hardship, we as a people would strive to find a pleasant way out. With few exceptions, the young men who were drafted are the only Americans who are making any great sacrifice in this hour of national emergency. Beyond the fact that their environment and training do not dispose them to accept hardship and sacrifice willingly, even for a worthy cause, they look around them and find life going on pretty much as usual. Add to this certain petty annoyances, which might well have been avoided, and you can easily understand why poor morale in the Army camps was inevitable. It is merely a part of the bad morale of the country as a whole.

The situation, then, is serious because it involves a cowardly refusal on the part of a large percentage of our people to face the hard realities of life. Great nations are never destroyed by the power of an enemy. They first fall victim to internal decay, to moral anemia, to a sensual softness and an egotistic selfishness which make them incapable of submitting to the discipline necessary to grapple with the physical and moral difficulties of life. So it was that Greece fell before the disciplined people from the banks of the Tiber. So it was that the pleasure-loving Romans collapsed before the pressure of the vigorous Teutonic tribes. So it was that the glittering but flabby French Republic dissolved before the attack of Hitler's legions.

The world is not dealing today merely with a well armed military machine—the best army in all history—but with an all-conquering spirit enkindled by an Idea and sustained and reinforced by a rigid, Spartan discipline. No power in the world can hope to beat back the Nazi horde unless it is equally inspired and equally disciplined. We lack this discipline and this inspiration, as on the eve of the war, the French and English peoples lacked them. We were the so-called "have" nations; we could afford to take life easily and, despite the depression, most of our people did. Blind to what was going on in Europe, we took our liberties for granted. As long as we could buy automobiles and refrigerators or, if we lacked money, as long as the Government paid for our support, we were satisfied. The national debt grew alarmingly, but even that failed to disturb the general complacency. And meanwhile, Nazi Germany was on the march,

suffering, practising heroic self-denial, becoming tough and strong, ready to dare, to struggle and to die.

Now, as we rearm in the face of a national emergency, the morale of the Army is poor; and the morale of the Army is poor because the morale of the people is poor; and the morale of the people is poor because we are morally too enervated to face the hardships and sacrifices demanded. Are we going to succumb as France succumbed? Or are we going to find ourselves, as have the British, only after some bitter affliction has annealed the national will? Or, finally, are we going to have the honesty and integrity to examine our individual consciences and impose the necessary discipline on our selfish instincts for comfort and pleasure?

In these turbulent times, no one would dare to predict what course we shall follow. This much is beyond cavil: to meet the dangers of a world at war and the problems of post-war reconstruction and adjustment, it is imperative that we slough off the anemic lethargy that has made moral cripples of us. We must accept the hard things of life; we must make sacrifices; we must submit to discipline; in a word, as a once-Christian nation, we must deny ourselves and take up again the Cross that we have cast away.

Discussing the world of tomorrow before the opening session at the Williamstown Institute of Human Relations on August 24, District Attorney Thomas A. Dewey of New York called for a "reassertion by religion of its leadership" in the America of the future.

Alas, we cannot wait until the post-war period for religion to reassert its leadership. That assertion must come now because the danger and need are acute now. A nation soft with selfish pleasure-seeking cannot survive in this gangster world where law is scorned and might alone makes right. To preserve our liberties and our position as a great nation, we must strive to put some steel in the national spine. And this involves stern discipline and self-denial.

How can we hope to accomplish this except through a return to Christian living? By origin we are a Christian nation, and there is still a lot of Christianity left among us. On such a people you can impose discipline only in two ways: you can force it on them by physical force, or you can appeal to their loyalty and devotion to Christ. Hitler chose force, and with it he made the German people the most disciplined nation in the world. We do not want that to happen here. Since we must have discipline, and since we want it within the framework of our essential liberties, there remains only Christianity.

If as a people our faith in Christ has grown too feeble and our love for Him too lukewarm to move us to accept the self-denial inherent in a disciplined life of sacrifice for the common good of our country, we might reflect, very soberly, that the Cross of Him Who said: "My yoke is easy, and My burden light," is, for a free people, the only alternative to another cross—a Yankee version of the hated *Swastika* of Hitler.

WIDE OPEN FIELDS FOR CATHOLIC SCIENTISTS

ORLANDO A. BATTISTA

ABOUT two years ago I was engaged in a special research project in the chemical laboratories of a famous university. I was the only Catholic employed in this work out of a group of at least thirty research chemists. One day my immediate supervisor made a concerted effort to drive home a few facts which I have since examined more closely and with which I believe Catholics in general should be more concerned than they are.

Before quoting the man who called my attention to the facts set forth in this article, it is very necessary that I qualify his statements by describing him as a famous authority in his field, but a self-confirmed intellectual who had developed his own ideas as to whether a table is still in the room after you close the door behind you or turn out the lights, or whether the solar system came into being as a result of an accidental collision of mathematical integral signs.

"Battista," he said to me, "I just can't make you out. Here you are a Catholic, fresh from the influences of your Catholic upbringing, delving into specialized scientific studies which I have always thought were more or less estranged from a Catholic's curriculum unless rigidly overseered by an intellectual wearing a white collar. Your friends tell me that you go to Retreats, attend Mass every Sunday, go to Confession periodically; and here I find you actually enjoying scientific research at the age of twenty-two. If only a reasonable proportion of practising Catholics pitched in alongside of their non-Catholic fellow scientists, their example would do more to impress Catholicism on the minds of the present-day aloof and indifferent intellectuals than anything else I know of. We would find it much easier to acquire your outlook if you worked along with us, because by doing the very same type of work as we are, you would immediately remove ninety per cent of our skepticism about Catholicism."

Imagine me! There I stood facing the blank face of a man weighed down with at least three decades of continuous research. I was amazed that, for the first time, I should be picked out as a curiosity because I was a Catholic in a distinctly non-Catholic environment engaged in a special branch of research. How about the splendid scientific work being done by modern Catholic colleges and universities and institutions? What of the long list of Catholic scientists who excelled in yesteryear as great chemists, physicists, bacteriologists, etc? I squeezed my memory for their revered names, but I had hardly started to speak when my "boss" interrupted me and went on with his very stimulating theory.

"You don't get the point, Battista," he continued. "A non-Catholic could enumerate a longer list of famous non-Catholic scientists whose achievements might outweigh the forceful accomplishments of Catholic scientists. But it is not fair to surmise the progress of science by individual names. It takes thousands of qualified individuals in our day to make a truly great scientific discovery through their accumulated efforts. The main point to consider is that the majority of our greatest scientific strides have been taken in the past fifty-odd years and at this very moment hundreds of vital discoveries are being developed.

"Look about you in the research laboratories of this great institution. Who is it that holds the key positions in the industries—both technical and administrative? Have you ever studied the almost endless list of leading figures in the influential academic positions of the country? Who contributes the bulk of results in the scientific journals that are published by the great scientific societies of this country? Where is your reasonable proportion of Catholics active in all these fields?"

I could not deny the fact that the number of Catholics engaged in the work we were doing at the time was pitifully below par, but I was personally aware of the equally important point that dozens of first-rate Catholic universities were active and had attained prominence in various scientific fields.

However, I did begin to survey conditions about me in an effort to obtain an idea of the relative proportion of Catholics, as compared with non-Catholics, engaged in the technical and scientific fields. I turned first to my home town, a small community of about fifteen thousand, where the population was almost seventy-five per cent Catholic. After I added up the actual figures, I was quite surprised to find that the small figure of five per cent represented the approximate number of Catholics who occupied positions which require a college or university training. I was unable to find more than two Catholics occupying positions in the higher-bracket executive category. The mayor of the town was a non-Catholic, as well as a large proportion of the municipal council. There were no more than two Catholic young men to every ten non-Catholic young men attending colleges or universities to receive professional training in any field. The proportion of Catholic practising physicians in the town was well above the average, but unquestionably the proportion of Catholics engaged in the leading technical and business fields was extremely low. On the other hand, well over sixty per cent of those engaged in unskilled and skilled labor were Catholics.

I was living at the time in the largest city in Canada, a city that is known the world over for its high percentage of Catholics. Here again the key executive and technical positions were occupied by non-Catholics with just a few starry exceptions. The percentage of Catholics employed in unskilled labor and the lower salaried positions was far out of proportion. A substantial Catholic representation was evident in the medical and legal professions.

Today as a research chemist in the employ of one of the largest corporations in the United States, I find myself almost isolated from Catholic associates. As far as I have been able to ascertain, there is not one Catholic, other than myself, on our research staff. Certainly, if they are there I have not been able to detect any explicit evidence of their Catholicism. I must add, however, that I fully realize that there are thousands of Catholic young men in the fields of higher education doing excellent work; it is the relative proportion that gives concern.

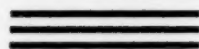
Within the next ten or twenty years, on the basis of the growing interest in the application of scientific knowledge to industry, medicine, biology, and all the sciences, qualified university graduates in the professions of chemistry, chemical engineering, physics and biochemistry, will assume very important roles that will greatly influence the destiny of future society. These are the more fundamental fields of scientific progress upon which future generations will depend in great measure. Catholics excel today, both in numbers and in quality, in some of the professional fields, medicine and law in particular; but we should encourage a greater interest on the part of our up-and-coming youth for the professions that center on academic and industrial research in the basic fields of chemistry and physics.

Science and the applications of the scientific method of research are highly regimented in our modern day. No longer are the chances of a hit and miss discovery as probable as they were even twenty-five years ago. Scientists are tackling the endless industrial problems of our age, in a very definite and systematic way. The solution of these problems will involve the best efforts of thousands, or more likely hundreds of thousands, of studious and industrious university graduates. There is not the slightest suspicion in my mind that Catholics will not endeavor to continue to do their share. But if we can make our activities in the fields of chemistry and physics even more impressively manifest by our numbers and our abilities, we will not only serve science and humanity in a very definite way, but we will also play an integral part in narrowing the breach that exists between the practising Catholic and the misinformed non-Catholic intellectual who is skeptical about Catholics because of their supposed indifference to science.

The specialized studies of physics and chemistry and their related fields are considered by many to be uninteresting and non-remunerative. These contentions are based on erroneous information. Research workers in these fields, aside from the particular enjoyment which they get from the fascinating studies they carry on, receive adequate salaries well above the average which permit them to live comfortably and to provide for their children. I have no doubt that some day chemistry and physics will be popularized by specific articles on the practical potentialities which they have shown and will continue to show. We of the Catholic Faith must play our part in discovering the new frontiers of science that lie ahead.

THE SMALLER COLLEGES IMPART MORE CULTURE

IMELDA C. RAUSCH



IT is a pity, I think, to leave the final word on selecting a college for your daughter to the fashion magazines. Style is their business. They can say nothing on questions which affect you more deeply. What should your daughter expect to acquire at her school besides a wardrobe of sweaters, someone's fraternity pin, and her degree? If she is a Catholic, must she attend a Catholic college? Why? Will she be better prepared at the end of the next four years to establish herself in business or a profession because of this investment in education? Is this degree a luxury or a necessity?

The next decade looks as if it were going to be a serious age to be living in; young people need to be equipped with courage and good sense.

Taxes are going up, the price of butter is rising, Sunday driving and runs in your stockings are becoming luxuries and suspect. Your money does not grow on any convenient tree. Do not waste it by neglecting to consider seriously the school that will suit best your daughter's need and purpose.

No doubt she is waiting on your decision with the college shops already emptied, and her trunk filled with enough sweaters, covert skirts, jackets, and wool skirts to keep the family warm for a year without one spark of central heating.

Her choice would be the State university, not just because she expects to meet some delectable *phi-gam* there whom she will surely marry, but because she is practical, like many high school graduates who are never given credit for it, and she thinks a degree from a school so well known in that particular part of the country will be of more value to her when she starts job hunting; or, perhaps, she wants a degree in some field that is not offered by most private schools, or being too long a "mädchen-in-uniform" at some excellent convent school, she has at last rebelled, and demands her chance to see how "the other half lives" for a change.

Plunging into life at a large university for the first time is frequently an undertaking of doubtful wisdom. Over-anxious, uninitiated, fearful of social failure, a freshman is saddled with added strain in the already demanding experience of adjustment to the college curriculum. Better, usually, to take the hurdle gradually, with one or two years at a private college first, or on a woman's campus, and then on to the vast arena of the university. There should be, and certainly in most cases are, adequate opportunities for contacts, and extra-curricular entertainment. No faculty, even the most conservative, would approve a system that denied the advantages of social activities and recreation.

Their noses soar only when too much emphasis is placed on this phase of college life.

For the college has a high purpose—the ideal is toward perfection. To mold, to blend, to develop high principles of tested integrity in their graduates is the aim of all schools of higher learning. To do less is to be unworthy of the title, Alma Mater.

The Bachelor's degree is expected to impart an aura of culture, tolerance, stability and intellectual discernment. See that your daughter gets nothing less.

Practically speaking, by going to college she will be equipped with the essentials of independent and productive employment. Any school whose faculty, physical equipment and administrative policy meet the standard of an accepted accrediting agency, can offer her that much. But, in considering these practical elements, never for a moment lose sight of those high intellectual virtues that you must expect your daughter to seek after, lest, reflecting your predilection for material consideration only, she will be dark to the full beauty of her opportunity, and lose it in a welter of credit-hours.

It is at this juncture that I would venture to lure you toward the thought of the smaller college, and a Catholic one; for it is here that the proper end of higher education is most frequently realized. Having attended both a College and a university, I will try to explain my preference.

There is about a large school a sort of graceless urgency. One must be prefabricated for the group mechanism in order to mesh satisfactorily in the gears of the assembly-line technique. This very prefabrication admits of materialism, stifling of individuality, discouragement of idealism. The faculty is equipped with specialists in every field; but each professor is as far removed from the individual students, especially the atomic freshman, as Arcturus from Saturn.

To lecture, to instruct, is only to impart facts; to teach is to direct, guide, counsel and inspire. So often university students are not taught; they are stamped, turned, fabricated—call it what you like—to a ready-made culture on the smooth lathe of a cold dynamism. The product is hard, enduring, highly glossed and impregnable, resistant, especially to impulses of a religious or spiritual nature. I do not want to be unjust, but honestly, it would seem that the university alumnae, whose ideals are fully in accord with the full implication of the Liberal Arts degree, cling to those convictions in spite of, rather than because of, their Alma Mater.

Does the Pan-Hellenic balance of power maintained on most campuses by sorority and fraternity support breed a tolerant, truly democratic spirit? Does the functionalism of liberal schools of philosophic thought produce much that is valid or conducive to spiritual and intellectual integrity?

Now, for the practical considerations credited to your daughter in an earlier paragraph. College degrees nowadays being almost standard equipment for most applicants, employers tend increas-

ingly to pay more attention to the individual than his school, and are more impressed by his ability than his fraternity. Often, too, the intelligent vocational advisory counsel provided by faculty members in a smaller college for students whom they have an opportunity to know intimately, saves many a novice from pursuing an impractical course-sequence or work beyond her capacities.

In the light of these favorable accents on the smaller school, the woman's college, let us preview what life would be like there—what might one expect of life on such a campus? It is idyllic. I could tell you of the Gothic buildings I remember clustered around a close-mown quadrangle where hyacinths margined the emerald lawn and jonquils, golden and brilliant, glinted in the shelter of the library's sheer strength. I could recall junior prom nights when the snow slid heavily from the pitched roof of the gabled residence hall, and moonlight laid a brilliant luster on the quad, and pointed shadows of the cloister's oft repeated arch were blue upon the shining snow. I could bring you to the West woods in the spring, where fragrance is, and dappled shade, and laughter echoing across the winding bridle paths. You could come to chapel, to library, to class, to student assembly, to the refectory, the proms, into town for a day with the friends your daughter will make there, to club meetings, on week-ends, everywhere; and just visiting, you could not catch the flavor of the life so beautiful to those who live it.

Impossible to hold because the charm manifest in these externals is not the secret of the excellence of this college—these colleges—because I speak of a type of school, not any particular one.

I speak of a Catholic Woman's College, sprung from the sublime tradition of the scholar Church, directed by women consecrated to unselfish service in the cause of Christian education; that is, of culture in its most perfect form, the development of the *whole* man, body, mind and soul, not to the end of humanity for its own sake, but toward its sublimity reflected in the mind of God, preordained for beatification.

We have been bound by the fetters of an elemental humanism. Our own imperfections throttle us and man, sickening of himself, has turned to lawlessness, to cynicism and despair. Christian culture, heroic humanism, has one foot in paradise; it does not bind, it releases, strengthens, nourishes, satisfies; it is a rule of life to use in time and eternity.

Give that to your daughter along with all the other material advantages the degree implies. Give it to her now in the darkness of confusion, fear, and disruption of the established order. We have been afraid too long to look ahead; do it tonight. Beyond the fashion magazine, beyond the cashmere sweaters and fraternity pins, beyond the sweet solemnity of her Commencement day, and the triumph of the parchment scroll she will receive, is a long life. There be unhappy times ahead when a sick world convalesces from a war no age has ever matched. Serenity is yours to give, and peace, and great-hearted courage. Love has no greater gift. My parents knew it; you will, too.

OH, FOR A HOMER OR A DANTE...

ARNOLD LUNN

THE Catholic teaching on war is a mean between two extremes. The Church disagrees with the militarist who glorifies war as an end in itself; but also rejects the pacifist doctrine that war is the ultimate evil. The Church teaches that a nation can wage a just war when all peaceful alternatives have been tried and failed; that it is not war but sin which is the ultimate evil; that the sufferings of war may be the Divine method of recalling erring nations and erring individuals to those truths which are easily forgotten in time of peace and prosperity.

Mankind, as Simon Patten said, is nursed in pain, and the transition to a "pleasure economy" may prove fatal to a being without defense against its disintegrating influence.

It is never more difficult to maintain the Catholic balance than in time of war; and it is not in the least surprising that Catholics who are anxious to keep their own country out of war should be tempted to exaggerate the horrors and belittle the romance of war.

In 1939 Katherine Brégy wrote:

There was a reason and a right to sing the praise of battle in primitive days when war was necessarily close to the heroism of personal combat symbolized by immemorial legend of knight against dragon, good against evil. Also, war was picturesque in its details then. . . . Mechanization has at once so minimized the personal, picturesque element and so colossally extended the destructiveness of modern warfare that there is not much temptation any more for the poet to become its laureate.

But these material changes in the weapons and environment of war are less important than Miss Brégy thinks. The beauty in war to which the pacifist is blind belongs to the realm of the spirit and is unaffected by the fact that the modern knight rides a Hurricane rather than a charger. Nor has "the heroism of personal combat" disappeared from modern warfare. No warrior of old was more dependent on his own resources than a parachutist dropped over enemy territory or than a modern pilot.

Had Miss Brégy watched the battles over Britain last year she might have revised her view that mechanization destroys the picturesque elements in war, and that there is nothing in modern warfare which would tempt the poet to become its laureate.

If modern war fails to enrich our literature with a modern *Iliad*, this is not because the siege of Britain is less romantic than the siege of Troy, but because we have no poet to rank with Homer. Certainly the long, anxious, glorious months in which our pilots were fighting for the command of the sky have stored our minds with pictures as romantic as those with which Homer was inspired. I can still see the dynamic pattern of planes crossing and re-crossing in the confused and breathless combats in the skies; the sparkling of Messerschmitts glinting in the low rays of the setting sun; the hawk-

like swoop of a Hurricane diving on to the tail of the enemy; the awful splendor of bombers spinning down in flames; the blue waters of the English Channel foiled by funeral pyres; and the white flutter of parachutes safely shepherded by English pilots down to the sanctuary of English earth which, but for them, would long since have been desecrated by Nazi occupation.

As the months passed, the airmen fought at ever greater heights until at last they disappeared from view. But we could still trace the fortunes of battle by the trailing clouds of diamond dust with which these knights of the new chivalry inscribed their epic on the blue manuscript of heaven.

Dante, if he could revisit London during a night bombardment would have found in *La bufera infernal che mai non resta* a theme which he could have made good use of in a revised *Inferno*. Only Dante could do justice to the savage splendor of our night-time skies, to the searchlights hunting the skies for the dark invader, splashing their pools of silver lights on the low cloud ceilings; the bombers caught in a beam, fluttering for a few seconds like ghostly moths before diving again into the shelter of the shadows; the dull white glare of the exploding gases; the relentless inquisition of flares lighting up the targets below; the red sparks of the Ac-Ac barrage; and the fiery passage of tracer bullets flashing upwards toward the impassive stars.

Those patterns inscribed by the airmen on the sky were informed by a beauty more spiritual than the purely esthetic appeal of line and color; and the London which has been bruised and battered by bombardment has put on loveliness like a garment to hide her wounds.

My brother, Hugh Kingsmill, spending the holidays in London, writes:

I have never liked London so much. . . . All the vulgarity of a prosperous capital, divided into people on the make and the disappointed and destitute, was gone, and one felt the greatness of humanity. The worst of life is that this state disappears with peace and prosperity, but it gives at any rate an inkling of the Divine.

War lifts the curtain of comfort and reveals the ultimate truths which we forget only too easily in times of peace and prosperity. I am writing these lines during the lull in night fighting; and though I am grateful for the respite, I am also conscious of a feeling of descent to lower and grosser levels from those heights of endurance on which we lived while the bombers were over London continuously by day and by night. Perhaps this flat sense of anti-climax is a premonition of our reaction when peace returns. For though we look back with nostalgic regret to the golden past when those whom we loved were not in peril, and the lands we loved were not enslaved, and though we look forward with intolerable longing to the hope of happiness when peace returns, yet there will be loss as well as gain, when the mountains are once more beautiful with the feet of them that bring good tidings, and publish peace. When the lights blaze from Piccadilly we shall miss the stars which were revealed in the blackout of war.

DISMAS OF DANNEMORA

JAMES V. HART

I WENT to Dannemora Prison yesterday for the dedication of the new chapel of St. Dismas, and all day I've been wanting to write and talk about it, even sing about it; that would be best, perhaps, if I were a singer. If only I could sing like "Boxcar," how we would do the *Salve Regina* together again. But you don't know "Boxcar." Well, who does? Prisoners are nameless, you know. They become numbers. I don't know a thing about "Boxcar" except his nickname.

There in the sanctuary of the Good Thief's Chapel were the linen-surpliced choir of St. Dismas. The procession had begun at the sacristy door on the prison side wall and entered the church singing the *Salve Regina*. It is a beautiful hymn. How Our Lady must love it. We have all heard it a thousand times, and who hears it without singing it in his soul? But nobody ever sang it before like the men of Dannemora. Gray-clad prisoners of the State, a regiment loaned to the Church for the day, they sang Our Lady's battle-song of the heavenly army:

Triumph all ye cherubim,
Sing with us ye seraphim,
Heaven and earth resound the hymn,
Salve, Salve, Salve Regina.

They were lifting their hearts out of the leaden caskets of the prisoners' years and were singing to the Mother of us all. Their First Communion Day, Confirmation, all the sacred memories of childhood were in that song. Cutthroats and thieves, perhaps some were; but maybe mugs are men. Call this a den of thieves, but Christ canonized a thief on Calvary. "Amen, Amen, I say to thee, this day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise."

Hail, Queen of Heaven enthroned above,
O Maria.

I found myself praying: "O Blessed Mother, listen to that. I can't sing like those men . . . but never was it known, that anyone who ran to thee for refuge. . . O Refuge of Sinners, hear them. Comforter of the Afflicted, O Mighty Queen of Heaven, give them a break."

We were in the sanctuary now, the prisoners' choir, the priests, and the Bishop enthroned for the Pontifical Mass. The Church's liturgy is a beautiful thing, as everyone knows. The nuptial Mass is lovely with a white, chaste loveliness. The ordination Mass is a thrilling sight with its cinctured manhood prostrate before the God Who rejoiceth in their youth. But it was at the prisoners' Mass that I first saw "Boxcar" singing his heart out:

Gloria in excelsis Deo, et in terra pax . . .
et in terra pax . . . hominibus bonae voluntatis.

The Inmate Choir of the Good Thief at Clinton Prison was chanting the Gregorian of the Mass! A man well into his sixties with a face like the drab gray beneath his cassock and surplice led the singing and this for him was the day that the Lord had made. His face was gray but his old eyes were lit

with the brightness Mary saw in the dawn that silvered the far-off hills that day in Bethlehem:

Domine Deus, Agnus Dei, Filius Patris,
Qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis.

Prisoners have here restored His Throne and reared it to the skies. Stone upon stone is there, laid in their sweat and even blood. After all, this is their Gethsemane. Their soul is here in arch and nave and clerestory. Straying eyes at the holy Mass told me they still saw the lately removed scaffolding where they could look with levelled gaze to Dismas on his cross above the altar. He is their Saint Dismas, certainly a kindred soul to men at Dannemora. They know his heartaches and, please God, they will know his repentance. The penologists will call that rehabilitation, but Dismas and the boys won't mind. They have been brothers in crime and brothers in the grace of God. They know Dismas very well.

Suscipe deprecationem nostram . . . How could God refuse that prayer, I wondered. "Boxcar" was hammering out the syllables like sparks from an anvil. I caught his face in clear perspective against a window. He seemed actually to bite the words as they were flung from his lips and heart. Two boys, of college or possibly seminary age, were on his right, nearer the altar. They sang too, as well as seminarians might, but they weren't in "Boxcar's" class.

Hoc est enim Corpus Meum. The men in gray were down, but Dismas was up . . . up there with Christ, dying with Him on the Cross. "Lord, remember me when Thou shalt come into Thy Kingdom." What an act of faith and of love and of contrition! O if all the prisoners of the world, inside and outside walls, could make it, the world's prisoners of sin as well as the state's prisoners of sin detected. Dismas made it. Why can't we?

Was ever mortal penance brief
As mine? A moment of belief—
Turnkey of Heaven, beware—a thief!

Here is one of the tremendous thoughts in the mystery of Christ's death. Repentance makes a thief remembered as one of the most striking episodes in the Redemption of the world. "And the Word was made Flesh and dwelt amongst us." The Eternal Word, a nameless criminal befriended on the Cross.

Dona nobis, dona nobis pacem . . . "Boxcar" was at it again. The man was a wonder. A gray, gaunt fellow to his left strove manfully to stay with him.

Domine non sum dignus . . . There were men at the Communion rail and it was almost twelve noon! They had been up since six, fasting, perhaps fifty of them. I had been watching an old Negro with rosary dangling over the first pew, whose eyes rarely left the tabernacle. Here he was now at the King's Table in Dannemora! Here was peace at the last. "Boxcar's" prayer was answered. I tried to shout him down at the "Salve" in the recessional:

Heaven and earth resound the hymn,
Salve, Salve, Salve Regina.

But "Boxcar" won going away, God bless him.

REV'D. ADAM MARSHALL, NAVY SCHOOLMASTER, 1824

JOSEPH T. DURKIN, S.J.

SOMEWHERE in the Mediterranean the battleships and planes of a new war are passing over the earthly remains of one of the first Catholic American naval Chaplains. Father Adam Marshall, of the Society of Jesus, serving on the United States ship-of-the-line *North Carolina*, was buried at sea on September 20, 1825. While his official rank was that of Schoolmaster to the midshipmen, he had also acted as Chaplain to the Catholic sailors. As the *North Carolina* concluded her Mediterranean cruise and headed for home, he succumbed to a fatal weakness of the lungs. So far as the scanty records of the period indicate, he may have been the first Catholic priest to hold an office on an American ship of war.

Father Marshall had been one of the initiators of the gallant but shortlived educational experiment known as the New York Literary Institution, a school for boys established in 1809 on the site of the present New York Cathedral. Most of his priestly work, however, was performed in what was then the missionary field of Maryland. His health was poor, and, partly with a view to its rehabilitation, he secured the appointment as instructor in reading, writing and arithmetic to the young sailors of the *North Carolina*, about to start on a rather significant tour to Europe.

A year before, there had been issued by the American Government the momentous declaration which became later known as the Monroe Doctrine. It may not be too rash to surmise that this cruise of a great American battleship through European waters was a delicate hint to the Old World powers that the young Republic could support her separatist policy, if necessary, by more than words.

Father Marshall's diary of his voyage has been lately discovered. It provides a vivid picture of life on an American fighting ship twelve years after the War of 1812, throws some important new light on American attitudes toward Europeans at that time, and presents some interesting comparisons between American and European culture.

The *North Carolina*, Father Marshall tells us, measured 180 or 186 feet in her keel and 230 feet on her deck. She carried 102 guns, including several 42-pounders, and a crew of about a thousand.

The Schoolmaster boarded the ship as she lay off Norfolk, in early December, 1824. He busied himself in assembling the necessary materials for his school—he speaks of purchasing thirty slates and 100 pencils—and in arranging with the Com-

modore the schedule to be followed by his pupils. It is significant that the American Navy even at this early period of its growth, was taking an enlightened interest in the general education of its sailors. The officers, attests Father Marshall, showed him every courtesy, and some of them proved their interest in his work by offering him the use of their own quarters as classrooms. There is, of course, another deduction that might be drawn from the facts: the literacy level of the average seaman of the times could not have been very high, since their teacher was to concentrate mainly on the three R's.

Father Marshall had his quarters or mess with three surgeon's mates and the Episcopalian Chaplain, "all very correct and genteel men." He anticipated "much satisfaction in the company of all my messmates," and, happily, he was not disappointed. One of the pleasant features of the diary is its unvarying praise of the character of the American naval officer. Most of the latter were non-Catholics, but they seem to have gone out of their way to make the Catholic priest feel at home. Particularly between Father Marshall and the Episcopalian clergyman there sprang up a warm friendship, and we find the two of them taking a picnic on shore together on the eve of departure.

Inconveniences, of course, were inevitable. The steward, seeking for mess-servers, gives a hint of the lower-class human material on board:

[The steward] told us that he had requested one of the boatswain's mates to look out for two boys for us, and that the mate told him that he knew one whom he could get and whom he knew to be the greatest Rascal on board. He added that that was the proper qualification to judge by; supposing, I presume, that if a waiter is known to be a Rogue, he will not be trusted at all, and of course he can do no harm, whereas you might perhaps trust another and be deceived.

There was also the problem of the messmates' mutual adaptation to each other's preferences. In arranging the menu of the mess, Father Marshall urged that a large prominence be awarded to sauerkraut. But the surgeon's mates are insensible to the charms of the dish, and prefer a "very inferior kind of cheese." This, as the Jesuit justly observes, "presents an instance of how many repulsive points are created in men's characters by the habits of education." But he graciously yields to his mates.

While awaiting departure, the officers beguile the time with a ball. Father Marshall is favorably

impressed with the manner in which it is conducted. The ladies came on board early in the evening and left at nine o'clock! "The idea," says the diary, "that a Man of War is a place of unbridled [sic] debauchery is totally incorrect, at least as regards this ship. When ladies of respectability come on board it is always by special invitation, and they are accompanied by officers and treated with the greatest respect."

The claims of religion were fully respected by the Navy. On December 19, Father Marshall witnessed public worship on board. Both officers and men, he reports, evinced much attention and respect. The Episcopalian Chaplain had his station on the starboard poop, with a table before him. The whole service lasted about an hour and a quarter. During the whole time all were on their feet with heads uncovered. The sermon was "well delivered, well composed and instructive in its morality, contained no controversy, and it and the prayer might have been pronounced with propriety by a Catholic priest."

In those days, it would appear, one of the chief problems of navigation was how to get the ship started. On Christmas Eve, 1824, the *North Carolina* weighed anchor, but it took her eight days to cover the distance from Norfolk harbor to Hampton Roads, due to the fact that every second day she got stuck on a sand bar and another day was required before she could be worked free. The entry in the diary on Christmas Day is typical: "Last night there was another effort made to get the ship off, but to no purpose. After much labor she was again got afloat . . . and immediately swung [sic] round with her head towards Norfolk. When the tide left her she again lay in the mud. . . ."

Finally, however, they reached the open sea, and the routine of the voyage began. The plan was, apparently, to beat up the coast for a few weeks, with periodical stops, then to begin the crossing of the Atlantic.

The diary gives many *genre* pictures of life on board. The daily perils of the seaman's work are evidenced by such laconic notations as these: "February 8th: This evening a man fell from the foreyard onto the deck and expired in a few minutes"; "February 10th: A man today got his nose knocked off. . . ." The priest admires greatly the efficient management of the ship by her officers. Order, cleanliness, and good administration reign everywhere, and Father Marshall does not hesitate to affirm with pride that the *North Carolina* is the match of any battleship on the seas.

The seaman of those days required firm handling, and discipline on board was maintained with rigor. Father Marshall witnessed with interest his first court martial. All the officers were ranged on deck with their side arms, the marines being on the poop deck with their muskets and bayonets. The prisoners, about fifteen or twenty of them, were arraigned on the gangway with a guard of marines around them. The Commodore and a committee of his officers examined the accused, heard the charges and the defense and decided on acquit-

tal or punishment. The crimes were generally theft, neglect of duty, fighting, or insubordination. Four culprits were whipped, receiving one dozen stripes each. Two sailors who were convicted of fighting were furnished with whips and made to continue their strife in the presence of the court. They set to work on each other with considerable spirit in the beginning, but their ardor soon cooled, and they had to be forced to continue, amid the laughs and catcalls of their shipmates:

Two others on whom theft was proved, afforded a greater amusement to their shipmates. The Commodore ordered a Mess to be established, to be designated . . . the Rogues Mess. The most guilty of the above two is to be head of it, and as a mark of his distinction is to wear a cap of a peculiar form and peculiar ornaments. The other thief was convicted of having stolen a hog's foot. The Com. ordered a hog's foot to be brought and hung around his neck. Both were then ordered to take their station on the boats a-mid-ships for a certain number of days, the former with his cap, the latter with his hog's foot around his neck. . . .

After a five weeks' crossing, the *North Carolina* anchored opposite Gibraltar. A boatload of Spanish officials came on board to confer with the Commodore, and one of the most significant passages of the diary describes the feelings of the Americans on this first encounter with the unfamiliar culture of Spain. Typically, the Yankee officers are at first impressed unfavorably by the Spaniards, who appear to lack neatness of appearance and polish of manner, but this initial reaction changes on better acquaintance, to respect and liking for a people and civilization which, Father Marshall admits, may have some superiority over our own.

The priest, with an explorer's instinct, took a trip through the elaborate subterranean fortifications of the Rock. He was pleasantly surprised at the flourishing condition of the small farms in the suburbs of Spanish Algeciras. Perhaps the most valuable portion of the diary is its detailed examination of the way of life of the Spaniards in the district around Gibraltar. From the social, religious, and intellectual standpoint, we are given some extremely significant information concerning Spain of the Bourbon Restoration.

The *North Carolina* proceeded east. On touching at Naples, Father Marshall was introduced to the still surviving Joachim Murat, "a man looking very old, with a very long white beard." Off Tunis he meets a Turkish Dragoman, who says that the affairs of the Turks in the Greek Revolution are going badly, for "the Turks cut off the heads of all the generals who lose battles, and the consequence is that no one will undertake to be a general."

The diary ends rather suddenly, for the reason already noted. Its final entry is made not by Father Marshall but by the Lieutenant of the Watch:

Sept. 20, 1825. . . . At 2.30 A.M. the Revd. Adam Marshall, Schoolmaster, departed this life. . . . At 10 A.M. called all hands to bury the dead, and committed the body of the Revd. Adam Marshall, Schoolmaster, to the deep.

A task worthy of Catholic scholarship would be the editing and publication of this diary, as another evidence of the Catholic contribution to the building and defense of the nation.

THE Government, it is reported, is preparing to investigate this matter of morale in the Army camps. We are not quite certain what the Government means by "morale," but the officials apparently believe that our budding soldiers are unduly depressed by their surroundings and by their prospects. Not all of them, it need hardly be said, are suffering from homesickness and other forms of low spirits, but very many seem to take the life of a soldier as something that must be borne, simply because it cannot be avoided. That is not the spirit that makes an army victorious.

Major "Ted" Hanks, formerly a football coach, believes that he knows how the "blues" can be blown away. In the first World War, the men knew, since war had been declared prior to the induction of most of them into the Army, why they were in camp, reports Major Hanks. But today they do not know when they will be required to fight, or where, and not a few ask why they should fight at all. Let a crowd of these men get together, says the Major, and they will find plenty to complain about, and to condemn.

The Major's remedy is to let the men work off their low spirits by playing football, basketball, or squash. The Government seems to agree, for it is building thirty-nine new completely-equipped gymnasiums. These will provide facilities for basketball, boxing and wrestling, over and above the outdoor games.

We quite agree with the Major, especially since we made the same suggestion several weeks ago. Whenever you gather masses of boys or men together, trouble asserts itself, and one of the best preventives of trouble is vigorous physical exercise, offered in the sugar-coated pill form of competitive athletics. Games take the minds of the men from their troubles, and fill them with innocuous, if not particularly elevated, thoughts. A Saturday ball-game, as experience has shown, is of remarkable effectiveness in reforming a youth who displays all the well known signs of evolving into a confirmed bar-fly. Perhaps it might be better for him to read the great authors on Saturday afternoon, but since he does not like the great authors, by all means steer him away from the corner-saloon into the ball-park.

But we fear that Major Hanks's athletic program will strike a snag in the fact that the Government allows its young soldiers to believe that they can engage in riotous courses, and come off safely, with the aid of Government-inspected contraceptives and chemicals. Licentiousness will break down camp morale much faster than the industrious Major Hanks and his thirty-nine gymnasiums can build it up.

Self-control ought to be among the outstanding virtues of the soldier. But for self-control, the Government offers an easy alternative, obtained without difficulty from any camp quartermaster. That is a policy of despair which necessarily breeds a low camp morale.

RETRENCHMENT

WE are going to hear much about taxes and equitable tax-plans in the years to come, when the Government dips deep into our pocket-books. That is an act of Government which pleases few people, with the exception of the Secretary of the Treasury and his staff of experts. Taxes, like death, are inevitable, but unlike death they come more than once. One of the chief tasks of the Government for the next generation will be to discover how many new objects can be taxed, and on how many other objects the old tax can be increased. These new taxes will teach us many lessons in practical government.

In an article published in a recent issue of this Review, one of our older contributors viewed this prospect with some gratification. What pleased him most was the proposal incorporated in the Senate tax-plan to widen the tax-base by including annual incomes as small as \$750. It was his belief that when a man is obliged to pay a direct tax, he pays a tax that stings. For the first time in his life, he realizes that Government costs money, *his* money. This awakening, if it comes to a sufficiently large number of citizens, may result in a vigorous demand that the Government practise economy, and, like the harried citizen, "tighten its belt."

Every man in public life praises Government economy. Every candidate promises economy, for he knows he could not be elected on a pledge to do all in his power to compel the Government to spend more. But once in office, he either forgets his promise, or can think of no way to keep it.

Within the last few months, the President has urged retrenchment in all expenditures, except those necessary for national-defense projects. The same recommendation was urged in even stronger terms by the Secretary of the Treasury. But no retrenchment has been made. On the contrary, appropriations even larger than those voted last year, have been asked, and granted, for non-defense schemes.

Why cannot Congress appoint a Joint Committee on Retrenchment? It would serve a more useful purpose than many existing committees.

Who will move its appointment?

HIDEOUS AND HATEFUL

WHATEVER the result of this war, and we have never wavered in our conviction that it will end with the complete overthrow of the Hitler Government, the heroism of the people of England under fire will always be remembered with respect and deepest admiration. For months death rained down upon them from the skies to leave them mourning, but undaunted. Before that splendid spectacle, even an enemy may well stand uncovered in silent tribute.

The sufferings of the English people invest their views on war with a peculiar value. They can speak with the assurance which belongs to those alone who have been tried in the furnace of affliction. In the case of the venerable Archbishop of Westminster, Cardinal Hinsley, this authority is augmented both by his outstanding merits as a citizen, and by the sacred position which he worthily occupies. Doubtless the Canadian regiments listened to him gladly when, a few weeks since, he spoke to them of their duties as soldiers, and warned them against the contention "that all war is unjust, and utterly opposed to the Gospel of Jesus Christ." But while war may be justifiable as a means of securing peace, the Cardinal continued, it is even more important to remember that the only lasting peace is the peace of Christ, given to nations and to individuals who hearken to the precepts of the Gospel.

The extreme pacifism which the Cardinal condemned never gained a large following in this country, and is now heard from but rarely. But in our praiseworthy desire to keep this country out of war, we must avoid false principles which lead, almost inevitably, to conclusions which are wholly anti-Christian. War is always a dreadful evil, but not so dreadful as sin, which is its cause.

At the same time, it will be helpful for us Americans to hold in mind the reasoned opinion of the Cardinal on the dreadful evils of war, remembering that he has seen them, face to face. "War is hideous and hateful. It is a summary of the worst evils that can befall mankind." With all deference, we suggest a meditation on that judgment to those Americans who are determined to bring the United States into war "at once."

At least, let us first prepare.

CHANGES in the boards, agencies and commissions which have taken place in Washington within the last weeks, indicate the purpose of the Administration to push the national-defense program with vigor. The same purpose is stressed in an even more emphatic manner by the huge tax-bills discussed in Congress, and by the warning of various Federal officials that soon we may be obliged to give up not merely luxuries, but conveniences, and even necessities.

All this tremendous activity is bound to have its effect upon the country's social and economic structure. When a government regiments the country for war, the hermit out in the desert begins to scan the skies for signs of a food-bearing raven. The young men go off to the military camps. The man who makes soap, or automobiles, or paper, looks over his books, and wonders how long he can keep his business going. The head of a family counts his pennies with more than usual care, as he notes the rising cost of bread, clothes, and a house for his little flock. Every man tightens his belt, looks around for a bomb-proof cellar, and prepares for a life that promises to be like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh.

It is absurd, of course, to assume that a country can prepare for the national defense, as proposed by the Administration, and carry on business as usual. The best that can be hoped for is some emergency arrangement which can save the country's industrial and economic system from ruin. That an attempt will be made by the Government to provide this emergency defense for industry, may be assumed. But the country has deeper needs than those which arise out of a dislocated economic and industrial system. What provision can be made for our schools, colleges, hospitals, homes for children and the aged, and, in general, those agencies for the promotion of human welfare which are supported by private charity, or, more correctly, by the charity of citizens who know that these institutions do a needed work which the state cannot do?

Upon all these institutions, the straitened financial conditions which are certain to come within the next year will exercise a cruel pressure. Few, if any, Catholic institutions can rely upon financial endowments which even in the most prosperous of times suffice to pay their carefully calculated expenses. Those which have been able to lay aside a little for a rainy day, have seen that little exhausted during the financial depression of the last eleven years. Here and there a Catholic institution for the relief of physical suffering, which has received some aid from city, State or Federal Government, now fears that aid will be decreased in the coming months, and perhaps cut off altogether. Even more difficult is the condition of Catholic colleges and universities, and primary and secondary schools.

The truth is that our Catholic institutions must limit the field of the work entrusted to them, or

abandon it altogether, unless financial help can be quickly provided. The threat of war means not only a heavy burden upon industry and commerce, but, possibly, an intolerable burden upon agencies for human welfare which we Catholics have built up after decades of sacrifice.

As the cost of living mounts, the problem of saving these Catholic institutions will take on an added difficulty. But it is our conviction that if their needs can be brought home to our Catholic people, this difficulty will be minimized.

That conviction is not based upon a sentimental variety of optimism, but on a fact that stands out clearly in the history of the Church in this country. That fact is that Catholics have never failed to answer the call of their leaders in the Church's great work of extending the Kingdom of God. It did not seem humanly possible that American Catholics could found and maintain an educational system beginning with the kindergarten and ending in the university, with its graduate and professional schools. But the system exists, even though it calls for the annual expenditure of scores of millions of dollars. Practically every dollar is contributed by the Faithful, a minority in this country, composed mainly of poor people.

There is no reason to suppose that this generous spirit of sacrifice no longer breathes. In our judgment, it is perhaps stronger than at any time in our history. Provision for our Catholic agencies of relief, and for our educational system is among the first of our deeper needs. When our people know this need, and it should be brought before them, the response will be generous.

THE BROKEN HOME

DISTURBING figures on juvenile delinquency were recently released by the Federal Bureau of Investigation. According to these statistics, young men and women in their nineteenth year constitute the largest age-group in frequency of arrests by the police. They have merited this disgraceful pre-eminence in five of the last nine years.

While no confirming statistics are given by the Bureau, reports by State and private associations support two inferences; first, that few of these delinquents have received any religious training, and, second, that they come from homes broken by disorderly parents, or by divorce. When a youth falls into the hands of the police in his nineteenth year, it is usually found that his delinquencies began several years earlier. At the very time that he needed them most, he was deprived of the formative influences of a normal home.

Since the home is the basis of well-ordered society, the state is bound to protect it by every means in its power. The state can rarely repair homes that are broken, but it can help to guarantee real homes by encouraging the teaching of religion to boys and girls at school. As Great Britain and France have discovered, the secularized school is one of the most demoralizing sins of modern society. When shall we make the same discovery?

HEARTS THAT MOURN

THERE was a widow of Naim in times long past, who lost her only son. In this sad day all over the world widowed mothers weep for their sons, and do not know under what skies their lifeless bodies lie. They mourn, and there is none to console, save only Him Who gave them their sons, and now takes them to Himself.

All that God does, He does in love, and out of all that He permits, He can draw a blessing. Dark skies are not always portents of storm, but often harbingers of the soft rain that refreshes the thirsty earth, and quickens the harvest hid in its bosom. But in our rebellion, we are often like the wilfully blind who will not see, and men who have closed their ears that they may not hear. We make our sorrow deeper by fighting God.

We know that God is, that He is infinitely good and infinitely loving, that He cares for us, as even the most tender mother cannot care for the child of her heart. His Providence protects us in the hours of trial, no less than in the moments when our hearts are light. His love is not abated, when He allows the cross to be put upon our shoulders. He is like a loving mother who subjects her child to the kindly yet searing ministration of a physician, knowing that by a moment of pain an agonizing and perhaps fatal disease can be warded off.

Sometimes, as in the Gospel for tomorrow (Saint Luke, vii, 11-16), God brings our sufferings to an end that is joyous beyond all our imagining. He will not try us above that which we can bear, and to manifest His power He will set the test aside, even by a miracle, when this Divine intervention is necessary. The Heart of Our Lord was filled with compassion for this poor widow of Naim, and she must have read His purpose in His Sacred Face before He spoke to the young man, lying dead upon the stretcher, the words of Omnipotence: "I say to thee, arise." By restoring him to his happy mother, Jesus manifested His tender mercy, but He also gave to His followers another irrefragable proof He is in all truth the Son of God, the promised Messias.

When it is for His glory, and for the good of our souls, God will lift the cross for a little while from our tired shoulders. But because these fickle minds and hearts must be first of all concerned with the things that are to our true peace, it is not safe that we remain long without a cross. It will not be too heavy for us, for never need we, or can we, carry it alone. Jesus Who in bearing His Cross to Calvary vouchsafed to accept the help of Simon, is always close to us, ready to stretch forth His Hand to save us from falling. The way may be long, and it ends on Calvary, but beyond the hill of our crucifixion is the garden of our glorious resurrection with Him.

O eyes that weep, turn to Jesus Who wept in the Garden of His Sacrifice! O hearts that are broken, remember that in His Heart is the balm that can heal! Press on, O weary feet, in the path that He has marked by His tears and by His Blood to lead us home at last!

CORRESPONDENCE

OUTCASTS

EDITOR: Recently a representative of the American Federation of Labor told a group of priests of the Summer School of Social Justice, held under the auspices of the Archbishop of San Antonio, of a trip he had made in company with a faculty member of the Catholic University. In between the business district of Havana and the fashionable residential suburb of El Vedado they found a colony of poor cast-off workers. No taxi could bring visitors to this forbidden spot but an obliging chauffeur took the group to within a block of the barbed-wire enclosure. These were the people who had been drawn from St. Thomas and St. Kitts and other groups of the West Indies in the days of wealthy farming-folk. With the depression, the Government had forced these workers out to give place to the native-born population and founded this colony, in appearance and in fact something as bad if not worse than the German concentration camps. With no roof overhead, with no food except such as they could gather in the early hours of night or before break of day from the refuse heaps, and no clothing; some ten thousand of the thirty thousand original pariahs were dead at the foot of the cliff, or had been swallowed by sharks.

I was startled by the disclosure and wonder if any time or way the story had been verified.

San Antonio, Tex.

SACERDOS

CATHOLIC RENTAL LIBRARIES

EDITOR: Womrath's has had a dollar of our money for ten years, which gives us the great privilege of selecting a book from their well stocked shelves of "Best Sellers" and for a minimum charge of fifteen cents for three days, and three to five cents per day extra, we can join the vast army of well read New Yorkers. In that ten years we have had to demand that we be supplied with Catholic literature, but it is a struggle, and one gets weary of the time worn excuses: "We can't get it—it isn't considered important—it isn't on the publisher's list of important books," etc., etc.

Looking over the "Book-Log" of the current week, we wonder why these same Catholic bookstores do not have a circulating library system similar to Womrath's. It must make money for Womrath's and why isn't it done by our own book shops? Our Catholic publications are expensive. The modern space saving homes haven't room for large bookcases and we need some circulating center in our city, near Penn Station and Grand Central so the commuters who run for trains can read en route and at home. Maybe there is such a service. If so, we would appreciate knowing where it hides. We know the Cenacle has a Library and Mary Reparatrix Convent, but one's husband can't

easily go to a convent for his Catholic literature and we never will get down to seriously following Mr. Sheed's Ground Plan of Catholic reading.

Massapequa, Long Island. ESTHER M. VENTER

CORRECTION

EDITOR: May I express my regret that the over-enthusiastic Business Department of *Theological Studies*, in an advertisement in your issue of August 30, stated incorrectly that *Theological Studies* is the "one magazine in the United States devoted to theological research"; and further, that "it is practically the only source of the latest information in this field. . . ." The Editor of *Theological Studies* has himself found most valuable theological information in the field of research in several American Catholic periodicals, older and recent, as may be seen from the section entitled *Studies*, which is devoted to Current Theology.

Possibly it will be of interest to your readers to learn that a new glory, to be added to those belonging to our older periodicals, has been gained by the American Catholic Church in the last five years. In order, we have seen the following excellent publications: *The Thomist*, devoted to speculative theology and philosophy; *The American Biblical Quarterly*, devoted to Biblical studies; *Theological Studies*, devoted to all kinds of theological learning; *The Jurist*, devoted to studies in Canon Law; *Franciscan Studies*, devoted to learned articles in theology, philosophy and the arts; and the recent Jesuit *Review for Religious*. God bless and prosper each one of these American ventures, *ad maiorem Dei et Ecclesiae gloriam*.

New York, N. Y. WILLIAM J. MCGARRY, S.J.
Editor, *Theological Studies*.

COLLABORATION

EDITOR: I gather from John E. Kelly's article (August 2) that even if our cause were just we could not use Red regiments as tools against an enemy, because that would be collaboration with Communism. His article was stimulating in that it sent me back to my logic textbook, a reperusal of which convinces me Mr. K. has fallen into the grisly trap of equivocation. His next logical step is to condemn General Franco for accepting aid from the German firemen when his house was on fire, inasmuch as Nazism and Communism are two faces of the same pagan god. Mr. Kelly's implicit definition of Communism is "a crowd of people who believe in Communism," whereas Communism can be better defined as a peculiarly bestial doctrine. Naturally, we cannot collaborate with the doctrine. Meanwhile, I do not question my neighbor's philosophy when I am drowning and he has a boat.

St. Louis, Mo.

MARSHALL SMELSER

LITERATURE AND ARTS

CATHOLIC FICTION: 4. TWO REACTIONS

FRANCIS X. CONNOLLY

HAVE you had your argument on the Catholic novel yet? If not, you have missed the most interesting and exciting exercise afforded by the small but active classes, cliques, clubs and parties interested in modern Catholic literature. The fight has not been unimportant because it is more or less private, nor is it valueless because as yet there is no clear victory for either or any side.

The quarrel has a noble ancestry in the arguments of the Platonists, who justified the expulsion of the poets for the public good and then justified their inclusion for private pleasure, and of the Aristotelians, who accepted the poets as necessary for public entertainment and then censured them for their philosophical and political shortcomings. In the course of its history, a small army of writers have harrowed the fields of esthetics, morals, politics and personalities. François Mauriac made an unsuccessful effort to solve the main moral problem, the handling of sin, in his *God and Mammon*. Maritain searched for metaphysical roots in his *Art and Scholasticism*. Blanche Mary Kelly wrote a new outline of esthetics in *The Sudden Rose*. Father Gerald Vann in numerous essays, but particularly in one on D. H. Lawrence, related fiction to social criticism by a psychological analysis of the new approaches to literature. Alfred Noyes has seen in the literary reflection of contemporary chaos a problem which is basically moral and religious. Finally, all of these questions have been thoroughly but not finally explored by Mortimer Adler in his *Art and Prudence*.

One ought not infer from the above list that the Catholic Novel has been discussed at all times with academic calm. Far from it. The reconciliation of beauty and truth has been more frequently attempted by knocking heads together. "Get some style . . . learn about life," growls the unsentimental young man of the red decade of the thirties who will not rest until Isabel Clarke writes like Faulkner and Enid Dinnis is as clinically tough-minded as Aldous Huxley. "He may be pure of heart, but his characters resemble the prodigal son in a pig pen," snorts the outraged classicist who feels that the biblical precedent shows the right way to handle those acts of men which are not acts of man. These two groups differ radically in their views on the function of serious literature and on the rela-

tion of the writer to his audience and to his art.

One sees the diversity between these two groups less in abstract words like liberal and conservative, or realist and classicist, than by their personal reactions and literary preferences; let us say, by the special virtue they choose to emphasize. Thus educated Catholic readers at the present time seem to split into the Be Honest School and the Be Prudent School.

The Be Honest School is recruited from the last three generations. It is composed of those men and women who were educated during the Jazz Age, saw their elders act like prime idiots and witnessed the most extraordinary depression until the next one. They are the creatures of reaction against the stupidity of Hollywood, Washington and Radio City; they have seen the triumph of the lie in business and politics. Aware of the good in the world, they are also aware that the world has lost its conscience and that the only chance of making a point is to use dynamite. And dynamite means writers like Evelyn Waugh, Graham Greene, George Bernard Shaw, François Mauriac, Sigrid Undset and others like them. They want literature to shock the world into the meaning of sin and the need of salvation. Their apostolate is among the gentiles, the modern pagans whose society has collapsed.

To communicate with this world requires the use of a special language and a special set of symbols. The familiar patterns, tones and critical assumptions of a naturally healthy society, or the exalted beauty of a supernatural one, have no corresponding expression among the pagans. Occasionally it is necessary for Waugh to use the Hot-tentot of the night clubs to make himself understood. Virtue can understand vice, and can talk to it in the violent parables of *The Handful of Dust* and *The Star of Satan*, or in the elaborate expositions of du Gard's *Thibaults* or Van der Meersch's *Invasion*.

The Be Prudent School on the other hand is chiefly concerned with the children of God. While literature may not be for them a handmaiden to theology or propaganda for salvation, the imagination is held strictly accountable to the higher truths of philosophy. This school differs from the Be Honest group chiefly in its insistence upon the responsibility of the author to a restricted social

group. Fiction which records depravity, or which stems from one of the many psychological, social or political heresies of our time may be intense, absorbing, even tragic, but it is as reprehensible as the evil which it reflects, unless it catharizes itself in the writing. Here it is not the principle but its application which is important. The school of prudence, fed on an earlier and more idealistic literary culture once shared by a much larger number of civilized people, questions the ability, the right and the propriety of writers and readers to consider matters which properly belong to the confessor or to the qualified expert. There is consequently a fear that innocence and ignorance may be harmed, and folly confirmed by the example of serious literature.

Supported by the natural caution of most Christians, the school of prudence often tends to shy away from full discussion of certain themes. Its disciples have frequently whispered and sometimes shouted their suspicions against anything stronger than the small-beer of Berkeley Streat. They have blacklisted *Death Comes for the Archbishop* because of Father Martinez; they have exaggerated Madame Undset's Scandinavian coarseness to the detriment of her common sense; they found streaks of Jansenism in Mauriac and unhealthy mysticism in Bernanos. They saw the dirt but not the splendor in Greene, the smut but not the smouldering anger of Waugh, the fall but not the redemption in Fante. They are inclined to reverse Norman Douglas' celebrated sentence to fashion a slogan—"There are so many evil people in the world; let us for heaven's sake keep them out of our books."

Now it should be apparent that, however similar may be basic views of life held by the honest and the prudent, there are nevertheless grounds for almost opposite literary procedure. If a writer aims to address a modern audience about modern problems, his technique is likely to be adapted to the analysis of disintegration. He cannot describe *What Makes Sammy Run*, or why modern society provides such a dusty answer to human questioning without getting inside minds stunned by immediate experience. Nor can the writer who aims to reflect a naturally sound society avoid depending upon the traditional technique of rational exposition and argument, since ideas are as necessary to build his characters as sensations are to demonstrate the characters of a decadent society. Both worlds exist; both require the comment of literature. One emphasizes an evil condition which demands reform, the other an indestructible human goodness which needs encouragement; one considers vice, the other demonstrates virtue. The one school uses rough language and violent incident on the ground that when you meet the devil you give him hell, the hell that consists in being forced to look at his own incredible filth, folly and frustration in the mirror of literature. The other school prefers the tranquil recollection, the filtered reflection, the appropriate restraint.

The former merely presents life honestly and depends upon the reader to supply his own values; the latter selects incidents favorable to his philoso-

phical bias and makes his own criticism clear. The realist assumes that a story is a series of particular, concrete observations, not an illustration of a general truth, while the prudent never quite forgets that literate ignorance and alphabetic innocence are inclined to hasty generalization, and hence that his facts in fiction ought to be representative. The two groups are parallel, independent and suspicious, although they complement each other logically, and should react upon each other to mutual advantage.

The confusion rests less upon the failure of both groups to understand not only their respective intentions in creative literature than it does upon their estimate of the critical function of the reader. "Modern" contemporary literature assumes considerable literary sophistication. Where the prudent fear that their readers will infer that an honest picture of a worldly ecclesiastic will suggest a universal condemnation of the Church, the modern writer, assuming *Actus Catholicorum non est actus Catholicus* (Doings of Catholics are not Catholic doings), thinks his reader knows enough about life not to jump to so silly a conclusion. He does not predigest his plot or place his characters in religious or philosophical outlines. One is expected to sense immediately that the amorality of *Vile Bodies* is a clever but unpleasant caricature of vice or that Mouchette in *The Star of Satan* is possessed by the devil. If the reader fails to detect that Waugh is a satirist or that Bernanos is writing about the battle of a Curé d'Ars for a human soul, then he should retire to the shallower waters of apologetics.

The Prudents on the other hand see every story as the body of literature itself and every character as typical of its class. Since literature should reflect the whole of life it is expected that each novel should also reflect the whole of life. Hence their demand that in some way or another the creative writer of fiction should perform a critical function as well. They frequently fail to understand that their own attacks upon modern fiction are the co-operative reactions which an honest author expects from his readers. "How vile," they write of an unpleasant character or scene. "Precisely," says the author. "But you emphasize the sordid." "It disgusts you with flabby romanticism, doesn't it?" replies the author.

But where prudence errs by undervaluing the role of criticism, honesty is in danger of indifference to moral climate, if not to moral values. Much as one admires the greatness of Sigrid Undset, her writings occasionally induce not approval of, but preoccupation with sheer bodiness, and Graham Greene rarely allows us a thrill of joy without making us eat dirt. Both writers come close at times to creating the very emotional state they presumably wish to cure and, despite their spiritual affirmations, they cling to the manner, if not the morals, of decadence.

Hugo Carmody, one of P. G. Wodehouse's brighter characters, put his finger on the whole problem when he moaned, apropos a rapidly thickening plot: "Complex, complex, my God, how complex."

THE ENDURING WAY

"Set clinging buds of sight upon no bough
Less kingly than sequoia," said my heart
Blown wildly with the sowing winds of Spring.
"To skies split only by an eagle's prow
Direct your budding strength. Let lowlands start
In awe, observing this ungentle thing!"

Force all the crowded forest of this world
To yield to you its golden coins of light,
Its proudly trailing plumes of common air,
As long as in the end there is unfurled
A Tamerlane triumphant on his height
With hurricanes become his body's wear."

Then April ebbd and left that nomad heart
In one especial place to sprout or die.
It sent out spreading roots in native earth.
With growth I learned to fear the lightning-dart,
To bless the little raindrops, and to eye
With more maturity my parents' worth.

No Argives toppled any towns for her.
No continents were kindled, by his fury,
Past all but an historian's forgiving.
Simply they kept quick souls like birds astir;
Trusted to God as judge and love as jury;
And ate the bread and drank the wine of living.
JOHN MAHER MURPHY

STEAMBOAT

Steamboat's whistling up the river—
Hear her mellow, lingering note?
All day long we've been a-listening
For the whistling o' that boat;
Dreaming how she'd look at evening
With her shape pricked out in light:
Side-wheel churns the water, breaking
Its broad glass in pieces, making
White-caps, while her whistle's waking
Ghostly echoes through the night.

Steamboat's whistling at the levee,
Long and short, then short and long;
Footsteps down the bank come hurrying;
Join the scurrying, eager throng!
Shouts and lanterns, slippery mud banks,
Now she's landing; hear that bell?
Carefree deckhands, sweating, singing,
Cross the swirly waters bringing
Corn, tobacco; swaying, swinging,
Down her plank they come pell-mell!

Willow-flies all thick are swarming
'Round her searchlight's bold bright eye:
Steamboats draw us all like magnets,
Helpless as a willow-fly.
Now she's lifting up her gangplank,
Downstream swings her bow around;
All night long her big wheel's turning;
At each landing lights are burning;
River folks like us keep yearning
For her whistle's haunting sound.

SARA SMITH CAMPBELL

POEM TO A DEAD GIRL

It snowed last night. You would have loved to see
The small excitement blown around each lamp,
The sudden magic come upon our street,
And things that we held lightly, common things,
Now white and strange and visited by the sky.
I think you would not know which way to turn:
Snow everywhere around you, like a music,
And all that whiteness laid before your feet.
For you would want to touch it with your hands,
Your lips: and you would run to greet the wind,
Singing some nonsense-song, or turn and laugh
To see me stumbling through the snow, until
I caught you, held you—breathless animal—
Where I could read the wonder in your face
Now turned against the light, and see the young
Uncomprehending joy: your grey wild eyes
Still not believing snow is possible:
And a few snowflakes tangled in your lashes.

HENRY RAGO

CONSOLATION

My little boy, seeking for gentle comfort,
Leaning his shame-bowed head upon my breast,
Seeking from me, who brought his sin to light,
Words that might soothe the grief of his remorse,
Lifted his eyes, tear spangled, to the sun
And smiled in awed surprise
At the great blinding brilliance of the skies.

And I, humbled and sorrowful at heart,
That I had caused his first deep-striking pain,
Saw his shame comforted, and thought: "At last
When I have seen the shadows of my life
Laid black against the simple white of death,
Shall I forget my shame
And, blinded, smile in the wing-thundering whisper of
His Name?"

FRANCES FRIESEKE

LIKE YOUNG BIRDS DRIFTING

My thoughts of you, in whiteness and in silence,
Like young birds drifting from a frothy tree,
Fall on my heart and, trembling in the stillness,
Await winged words to lift and set them free.

Though I have fashioned fleet and feathered phrases,
No bird has flown or grown articulate:
Deep in the night I hear the muffled whirrings
Of futile wings against my heart's barred gate.

But I shall die, and from the bonds that bind them,
These shackled birds shall soar in swift release;
Out of the clay that once my living heart was
My song for you shall ring and never cease

Across the aureal gates and walls of jasper,
Across the crystal, the limpid, lucid sea
To linger on the lyric lips of seraphs
Eternally.

SISTER M. CHARITINA

BOOKS

IGNIGO AND HIS IDEALS FOR HIS YOUNG COMPANY

THE ORIGIN OF THE JESUITS. By James Brodrick,
S.J. Longmans, Green and Co. \$3

THOSE who have read Father Brodrick's biographies of Saint Peter Canisius and Saint Robert Bellarmine know that this English Jesuit is a master in history and hagiography. The present volume, the first instalment on a larger work, enhances the reputation which the author has long enjoyed. Father Brodrick is no special pleader, no worshiper at false shrines. He is a sober historian who can invest his narrative with a humor that blows dull melancholy away, and gives the reader the comfortable feeling that by one and the same process he is being both instructed and amused. I do not believe that he leaves unnoted one oddity among the many exhibited by some of the uncanonized first associates of Saint Ignatius, and by others who followed. At the same time he does not deem them completely composed of oddities. And old legends, however edifying, are ruthlessly rejected, if they do not pass the test of his scrutiny.

Saint Francis Borgia, for instance, no longer wraps his skin about his attenuated frame, but is presented as "the biggest man in Valencia." His belt would go around three ordinary men, and he had to direct a half-moon cut out of his writing-table "to accommodate his frontal superabundance." A man of exquisite courtesy was this Duke of Gandia, who adored his wife, and loved music "and everything else beautiful that had kept its innocence," writes Father Brodrick. He had a playful, almost whimsical, humor that "made it very easy for people to love him." Horrifying austerities were not for others, but for himself, and he scourged himself to blood, remembering, perhaps, "that it was Borgia blood, tainted blood, that cried to be shed in expiation."

It is Father Brodrick's purpose to tell what manner of man Saint Ignatius was, and what he attempted to do when he founded the Society of Jesus. He attains this purpose, in my judgment, magnificently. After reading this book, you may persist in your disapprobation of the Society, but I venture to think that you will be obliged to find new grounds for your censure. What the author writes of the *Spiritual Exercises* is equally true of the Society: you may say, if you wish, that it is "anti-mystical and anti-liturgical," but not, as many have done, that it is "diabolical or heretical." Its approbation by the Vicar of Christ bars that condemnation.

Perhaps the finest page in the book tells of the death of the Founder. On July 30, 1556, he was sick unto death, he thought, but as he had been similarly afflicted fifteen times in the fifteen preceding years, no one took him seriously. He asked for the Pope's blessing *in articulo*, but when the doctors insisted that he was in no danger, he held his peace. They brought him some supper, and he ate a little. His secretary and another Father sit with him, and they discuss the purchase of a new house in Rome. The Saint asks minute questions, as was his wont when any project that might mean comfort or discomfort to his sons, was under way. At the *Ave Maria* they go out, and as the shadows creep across the humble room, Ignatius, left alone, prepares to meet death. He is to have no Viaticum, no Extreme Unction. The last words which his associates will recall are about leases, repairs, and other details of a real-estate transaction. But "death for such as he, to whom God meant everything, was just part of the day's work, on the same footing as the purchase of that new house in the Piazzza Margana."

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THE VENABLES. By Kathleen Norris. Doubleday, Doran and Co. \$2.50

THERE has always been an intimately chatty touch to the novels of Kathleen Norris. *The Venables* is no exception. On the contrary, it far outstrips its predecessors in this charming characteristic. No one could come into closer contact with a family than the reader of this fascinating story of a household of growing youths and struggling elders.

The Venables, all of them, are interesting. Perhaps Wilhemina, the mother of the brood, captures a large share of our attention. She it is who somehow or other manages the home for Paul, her husband, for her six children, her mother, Mrs. Hawkes, and Uncle Roswell, a ne'er-do-well brother. Had her story been written out of a faithfully-kept diary, it could not be done with more fidelity to detail, more genuine sympathy for those involved in the keeping of a house that would not be kept, or in the attempt to make stubborn ends meet. Willie Venables, for all her many years of married life, was a failure at managing her little domestic world. Deprived by death of the assistance of her husband, she saw her slender resources slipping through her hands, nor could she grasp them with sufficient firmness to halt their flow. Strangely enough, it is Flo, the ugly duckling of the group, the daughter who had most tried Willie's patience, who ultimately finds a way out through the difficulties which hedge in her family. She it is who brings the story to a lived-happily-ever-after close as she is about to step into matrimony with Philip Torrance.

Though it takes us to Europe, the story draws most of its background from pre-earthquake San Francisco. It draws, too, from the restored city of a newer and more glorious day. The city is in no wise more interesting than the people who inhabit it, and among these many engaging personalities, whom we meet in this novel, the Venables arrest immediate and sustained attention. They are humanly wholesome and wholesomely human, for they are genuine people.

JOSEPH R. N. MAXWELL

FELLOW-KANSAN EULOGIZES EMPORIA'S ENTHUSIAST

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE. By Everett Rich. Farrar and Rinehart. \$3

IT has been said that "the quality of piety in Kansas is to thank God that you are not as other men are, beer-drinkers, shiftless, habitual lynchers, or even as those Missourians." Acceptance of this statement is far from a claim that the "Man from Emporia," as this book is subtitled, is a Pharisee. But allowing for the hyperbole, one may see in this description a fair picture of the youthful crusader for righteousness, who in 1895 became editor and publisher of the *Emporia Gazette*. Forty-five years later, Mr. White is still exercising "the royal American privilege—of running a country newspaper, saying what we please when we please, how we please and to whom we please." The theme of this biography is not his rise to fame—that a country editor has acquired an international reputation and become the confidant of Presidents and an American institution—but rather the interior development of the man. For in writing for Emporia's thirteen thousand citizens and for the Nation, William Allen White has mellowed with the years, has shed his narrowness and intolerance, and has come to have a "passion for folks" and a deeper insight into the meaning of life.

It is hardly the function of a reviewer to take issue with the views of the subject of a biography. Mr. White is a sentimentalist. He is a humanitarian and an enthusiast. He thinks out loud and subscribes in practice to Emerson's dictum that consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds. But he is an honest man according to his lights, who has helped to mold public opinion from the day that he relegated Bryan to the lunatic fringe of American politics and espoused the cause of McKinley, to the day of his resignation from the chairmanship of the Committee to Defend America by Aiding The Allies. This biography carries us no further than that latter date, January, 1941.

Mr. Rich, as printer, newspaperman, and now professor of English at the Teachers College in Emporia, is a competent biographer. If whole chapters seem but quotations threaded together, the author pleads that his subject is a man who has put himself down on paper and that his personality is best portrayed in his own words. The full, rich flavor of Mr. White's writings renders apologies unnecessary. And if, despite his efforts to remain objective, the biographer sometimes becomes the eulogist, it must be remembered that Mr. Rich also is one of those in whom "the American spirit is double-distilled," a Kansan. J. F. MURPHY

NO OTHER ROAD TO FREEDOM. By Leland Stowe. Alfred A. Knopf. \$3

IT was inevitable that this book would be written. The man who saw the Finnish-Russian War, who, happening to be in Oslo when the Nazis descended from the sky, registered one of the memorable scoops of modern journalism, who watched from Bucharest the fifth-column erosion of Rumania, who was under fire on the Albanian front, had a story to tell that his fellow Americans wanted to hear. *No Other Road to Freedom* is that story.

It is an absorbing story, cleanly and, in places, brilliantly told. But it is something more than a story. When he is recounting the gallant stand of the Finns or the invasion of Norway, Mr. Stowe is the calm, objective correspondent of the *Chicago Daily News*. To Mr. Stowe, however, the story is only a means to an end. What he saw in Europe changed him from an isolationist to an interventionist. Going there to report a war, he found himself, as he says, reporting a revolution, a revolution so insidious, so powerful, so ambitious that it threatened the freedom of the world, including that of the United States.

No friend of the Communists, he feels that the Nazis are definitely more dangerous and must be destroyed before America can be secure. If Britain falls, he is convinced that our democracy will be replaced within five years by some form of Nazi dictatorship, not through invasion, but "from the inside." In this connection, his criticism of Mr. Lindbergh's position deserves serious consideration.

With the author's interpretation of the Spanish civil war, many will disagree; many too, perhaps, will oppose his stand on this war; with his sincerity and idealism, no one will quarrel. BENJAMIN L. MASSE

THE C. S. S. S. By Rev. William L. Hayward. Jeffries and Manz Press. \$3

THE *Congregatio Sociorum Sancti Salvatoris* was a small society of Episcopalian clergymen, with a still smaller community of would-be Religious as its central and directive nucleus. The twofold society had been the work of the Rev. Dr. William McGarvey. With him the community and some of its associates entered the Catholic Church in 1908. The wider religious crisis which bore this fruit was well described five years ago by Msgr. Edward Hawks, in *William McGarvey and the Open Pulpit*.

The present memoir does not aim to amplify that record, but to follow Msgr. McGarvey's subsequent career as a Catholic and a priest. This, in keeping with his ever conscious desire, was as inconspicuous as it was laborious and fervent. Little was known of him

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beyond the ranks of his profession and the typical circles to which he ministered, and nothing survives of ordinary biographical material. Fully aware of this, and undeterred by exacting pastoral duties, Father Hay-ward, in compliance with suggestions from highly esteemed sources, has sketched his subject from personal and other private information. While revealing much talent for research, his memoir may lack the general appeal attaching to Msgr. Hawks' able treatment of a public crisis in modern religious history. But the many who knew the convert prelate in person, and could wish to have known him better, will welcome this more intimate revelation of a man who could aspire to obscurity and yet be incapable of merely common-place effort or purpose. W. H. McCLELLAN, S.J.

A VENTURE IN REMEMBRANCE. By M. A. De Wolfe Howe. Little, Brown and Co. \$2.50

THIS is not a straight autobiography. The writer sets its purpose as an effort to "fix attention not so much upon the author as upon the background, personalities, and a phase of life in the region and period he has known." It is a serious work, refreshingly devoid of the spirit of "national defense" or "European conflict." It is rather the remembrance of an American who has lived and enjoyed the country's vast stimulating "academic society."

Mr. Howe, who has been hailed as the prototype of "The Late George Apley," ventures to prove he is a Bostonian "made,—not born." In a light and humorous mood he recalls his early childhood in Rhode Island, his boyhood in Pennsylvania and his manhood in Boston—the city he adopted of love and admiration.

The author's personality is very aptly described as the "scholar" rather than the "artist." He has a healthy normality and a Christian spirit that helps him from the extremes of "left" or "right." . . . "If the material forces of life are not to wreck the world, the spiritual forces must hold them in check, indeed control them."

MARY E. HICKEY

POSIE DIDN'T SAY. By Josie Turner. Howell, Soskin and Co. \$2.50

THIS is a very slight, inconsequential novel; it has some amusing scenes which furnish mild diversion for an idle hour, but the foundation of the plot is so utterly incredible that nothing remains but a bit of thistledown floating aimlessly in the air.

Posie didn't say that she was married, even when her son was born; for six years she and her family endured the disgrace an unmarried mother incurred in the 'Nine-ties, just because she promised secrecy to a husband who found auto-racing in Paris more important than his wife and child. When he returns after years of neglect she welcomes him ecstatically.

The author does a fine job of portraying the conflicts and crises of family life in Posie's home, particularly the effects of owning an automobile in the year 1904, but these bits of humor are not enough to make her novel absorbing.

MARY L. DUNN

HIS OWN PLACE. By H. W. Freeman. William Mor-row and Co. \$2.50

THE author of *Joseph and His Brethren* turns to the English countryside for his scene and on that homely canvas paints with restrained but colorful brush a character-sketch of a son of soil. Except for one small inset of London life as a potman in a West End pub, used to show Joss Elvin out of his element, all the rest is semi-panoramic, dated off in episodes fading in and out from 1884 to 1938, of Joss's struggle with his be-loved land and against his personal enemy, to get and to hold "his own place." It is a success-story in spite of failure, nay, quite because of it. The author's own language is simple but fine, and his characters' homely Suffolk is true to the story itself—earthy. Remarkable is the non-influence upon Joss and his problem of anything supernatural. "That fare no likeness of England, I doubt," Joss would have put it. ROBERT E. HOLLAND

MUSIC

RECORDINGS. In 1764, at the age of eight, Mozart astonished audiences with his first symphony. Twenty-four years later, he produced in six weeks' time his three last symphonies known as Nos. 39, 40 and 41. Actually, Mozart wrote fifty such works, but the surprising fact confronts us that only four or five of his symphonies appear regularly in the repertoire of our present day orchestras.

At nursery age, Mozart knew the acclaim of kings, but while many of his instrumental works were commissioned by wealthy patrons, he was forced to struggle for his daily existence. He failed to provide for himself as a performer or teacher and this fact has been a constant puzzle to those historians who have delved into his fascinating life.

Two infrequently performed Mozart symphonies, No. 29 in A Major and No. 34 in C Major, are currently featured in Victor's *Musical Masterpiece Album* and eloquently performed by Serge Koussevitsky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra. With the aid of Victor's innovation, "The Magic Brain," a phonograph record-changer, you can now play an uninterrupted two-hour concert of these symphonies without the necessity of turning the records and the bother of changing the needles.

The A Major work was composed in four movements. Opening with an energetic theme, the eighteen-year-old Mozart spins one lovely melody after another. The second movement, an *andante*, is as fine an example of melodic invention as can be found anywhere. A *menuetto* and *trio* form the third movement, while the work closes with a spirited *allegro*, a movement built on the melodic economy of one theme.

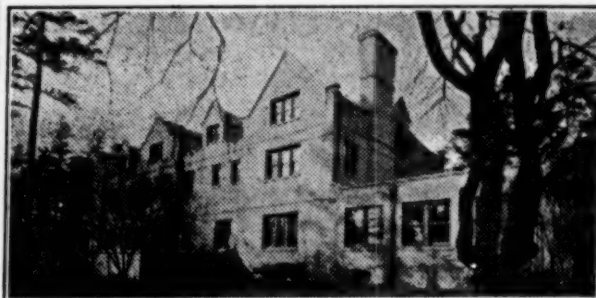
This reviewer feels that Dr. Koussevitsky really approaches the much discussed "style" in which Mozart should be played. An orchestral organization such as the Boston Symphony can only perform with this great simplicity, clarity, rhythmical and musical nuance after the most careful and painstaking series of rehearsals.

The companion symphony in C Major is in three movements and was written in Mozart's twenty-fourth year. The second movement is scored for strings alone except for a bassoon part which merely doubles the bass part. In fact, the economy with which he scores the whole symphony is remarkable. The Finale is fast moving and light-hearted, a style for which Mozart showed great fondness.

As much cannot be said of another Victor release, the piano *Sonata* in F Major, No. 3 for four hands and played by Jesús María Sanromá and Mercedes Sanromá. There is a certain tonal harshness in this recording that could come from a faulty piano or harsh piano playing. One hates to hear the piano played as though the artist in anger punches or attacks the instrument. Fine pianists do not achieve fame from this method of playing and although in the first movement these pianists are at their best, and many of the long florid passages are played with a technical finish, on the whole, the ensemble is spotty in the slow movement, as well as in the finale.

The Mozart String Quartet in D Minor, No. 18, has been added to the recorded literature by Columbia Recordings and performed by the Budapest String Quartet. In Mozart's time, string quartets were a novelty and it was Haydn's guiding hand that helped Mozart in this medium and for this reason he dedicated six quartets, written between 1782-1786, to Haydn. This quartet with its many key changes and bold modulations is written in three movements, ending with a set of variations. The playing of this work, as given us in this Columbia recording, makes it an eminently worthwhile addition to your collection of classical masterpieces.

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AUGUST is the month of promises, rehearsals and postponements. A surprising number of new plays, vigorously announced under resounding titles, have had those titles changed. This new habit of producers, together with their other new habit during the past two years, of postponing plays positively announced with their opening dates, has added immensely to the confusion and uncertainty of New York theatregoers. This condition eventually means a big loss to producers. All in all, our producers are taking a lot of chances these days, which may prove disastrous.

The week in which I write, the last week in August, is presumably the last "dead" week of the season, a "dead" week being in the producers' opinion a week in which no new play opens and in which therefore nothing worth while happens. But the air is still filled with joyous announcements of coming plays, of which heretofore we have heard nothing at all, though producers are not generally reticent.

Among these are *All Men Are Alike*, *Rufus and His Wife*, now having a final tryout in Suffern, New York, and *The Good Neighbor*, of which Sinclair Lewis is said to be one of the directors. The last play is being tried on the citizens of Stony Creek, Connecticut. Other offerings we are told we may expect are *It's All Done With Memos*, *Box Score Final*, a baseball comedy which has had a good deal of advance publicity, and *Talk Out Loud*, another revue which must be about the twentieth promised us. This is now in Pennsylvania. The optimistic producers of the offerings are expecting to bring them all to New York for a nice long visit this coming season.

Native Son, with Canada Lee, is at present thrilling the Bronx at the Bronx Windsor Theatre and *The Mikado* is doing very well, we understand, at the Cherry Lane.

Teresa Hepburn, Lawrence Langner and Eva Le Gallienne have planned an ambitious revival series of fine plays, old and modern. This chronicler is looking forward with unusual pleasure to seeing again every play on the impressive list. These additions to the regular subscription season of the Guild are *Ah Wilderness*, by Eugene O'Neill, Sheridan's *Rivals*, with Mary Boland, who ought to be one of the best Mrs. Malaprops the fine old play has ever offered, *He Who Gets Slapped*, by Andreyer, Capek's *R.U.R.*—a splendid play—and Ibsen's *John Gabriel Bjorkman*. A super cast is planned for this last, headed by Charles Laughton, Elsa Lanchester, and Miss Le Gallienne. Another big attraction on the list is Shaw's *Devil's Disciple*, with Spencer Tracy playing the leading role.

There is also on the announcement list O'Neill's *Desire Under the Elms*, with Walter Huston in his original role, and a reproduction of Miss Le Gallienne's 1932 version of *Alice In Wonderland*. Despite a few plays which had better been left un-revived, the list, on the whole, is good.

There is, as usual, a little string to some of these brilliant plans. Two of the leading players, Walter Huston and Charles Laughton have film commitments from which they "hope" to be released; or possibly the plays may be delayed till late Spring. No players at all have been selected as yet for *R.U.R.*, which is not a promising sign.

On the other hand there is a stirring possibility that the Guild may have Vivian Leigh on its early Spring bill in a revival of Shaw's *Caesar and Cleopatra*, in which every theatre lover will certainly want to see her. She and Sir Cedric Hardwicke are to appear together in the play in London this coming winter, and both are said to be eager to fly over to us as soon as that engagement ends. Let us hope that they have a happy landing.

ELIZABETH JORDAN

FILMS

THE LITTLE FOXES. Lillian Hellman's bitter play about economic individualism in the new South that is no longer Dixie has been strengthened in the screen version by intimations of integrity, but, in spite of this moral balance, it is still chiefly the portrait of a household which would fit Pope's definition of a family as a commonwealth of malignants. The Hubbards are a new breed of Southerners, predatory and cunning, who are bent on establishing a sweatshop cotton mill. Their sister has used her marriage to an honest banker as a financial stepping-stone, and when he refuses to share in her business venture, she withholds his medicine during a fatal heart attack. But her consequent hold over her thieving brothers and their mill is compensated by the rebellion of her horrified daughter and the prospect of a dreary isolation. The action is slight and the progress mainly psychological but William Wyler's excellent direction reveals a gallery of portraits which are as vivid as they are unpleasant. Bette Davis is at her best in a sinister, unfeeling role, seconded by Charles Dingle as the shrewder of her brothers. Herbert Marshall, Teresa Wright, Patricia Collinge, Dan Duryea, Carl Reid and Richard Carlson are most effective. Realists may be impatient with adults who deny such people exist, but they can hardly maintain they are pleasant people to know. (RKO)

WHEN LADIES MEET. Despite the handsome mounting and capable performances in this revival of Rachel Crothers' play, its bookish and sterile discussion of marriage problems makes it the most superficial kind of entertainment, reaching the peak of its moral powers in a tremendous distinction between a cheap and a "civilized" adultery. A novelist falls in love with her married publisher but her advanced views collapse when she meets his wife and sees the other side of the domestic picture. She reverts to a more eligible suitor and the philandering publisher gives signs of reform. The plot in outline is moral enough, but there is a decadent complacency about infidelity which passes for "civilization," and the sophisticated attitudes of the characters suggest debility rather than advancement. Robert Z. Leonard's handling of the film is slick to a degree, and only Greer Garson's performance suggests real-life validity. Robert Taylor, Joan Crawford, Herbert Marshall and Spring Byington are capable in a picture whose powers of amusement are conditioned by the lightheadedness of its adult audience. (MGM)

OUR WIFE. Audiences which have learned to be grateful for small favors will find an unusual circumspection and reticence in this marital comedy. John Stahl's direction steers clear of the major hazards in telling the story of a bibulous musician, already divorced, who finds inspiration in a comely research scientist and writes a symphony. His success brings his mercenary former mate on the run but her scheme to play on his gallantry is foiled. Ruth Hussey is superior in a good cast numbering Ellen Drew, Charles Coburn, Melvyn Douglas and John Hubbard. This is good lightweight entertainment, reserved for adults. (Columbia)

PARACHUTE BATTALION. Another phase of the defense boom is reflected in this straightforward melodrama about our new parachute troops. Leslie Goodwins has presented the slight story, revolving about the fight of an officer's son to overcome his fear of jumping, with engaging informality, and the playing of Harry Carey, Robert Preston, Edmond O'Brien, Nancy Kelly and Buddy Ebsen is in a similarly unpretentious key. There are too many parachute jumps, but the film will satisfy the family. (RKO)

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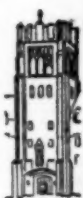
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EVENTS

LIFE on earth is bogged down by many unexpected discouragements, which no amount of prudent foresight or laborious planning can eliminate. . . . In the life to come, there will be no disheartening incidents springing out at those of us who reach the proper destination. . . . If, for example, the life hereafter should contain something analogous to fishing or automobiling or siesta-ing, these forms of relaxation will contain no alloy of sadness. They will, on the contrary, develop according to plan even to the minutest detail. . . . On earth, however, no one knows how a well thought-out plan for an auto or fishing trip will develop, or whether it will develop at all. Such a plan may at the most unexpected moment, go into reverse, and give forth nauseating results. . . . This depressing feature of life below was emphasized by the week's events. . . . In West Virginia, a citizen went fishing, and to his delight caught a well-built catfish. Taking his prize home, the citizen cleaned it and placed it on a frying pan. Instead of frying, the catfish exploded, with a loud noise, blowing skillet, hot grease and catfish pieces all over the house. The citizen concluded that the fish, on one or other of its tours, had dined on some bits of the rearmament program. . . . In Massachusetts, a gentleman thought he would take a refreshing siesta. In bed, he reached out for a handkerchief, and dislocated his shoulder. . . . A New Jersey resident, driving toward home after a successful fishing trip, suddenly found his automobile stalled on a railroad track. Noticing a train roaring toward him, he felt, in all honesty, that the proper thing for him to do under the circumstances was to get out of the car before the train arrived. Having adopted this plan, he stepped from the auto a few seconds before the train reached it. The noise made as the locomotive tossed fragments of his sedan and fish all over the landscape unnerved him, as did his subsequent arrest for leaving the scene of an accident and for reckless driving. . . .

Another feature of life on earth that is saddening at the present moment of history is the spread of paganism. . . . In the hereafter, there will be no paganism, not even among those who have nose-dived and crashed into the less pleasant portion of the universe. . . . In the life to come, the Truth will be known to all. . . . On earth today, more and more persons appear to be embracing Error. . . . In last week's issue of this Review appeared the report of a press organization. The report accumulated instances of the pagan twist given to stories and articles in current magazines. . . . In view of the tight hold paganism has today on such a large section of the population, it is not altogether inconceivable that a pagan press association may be formed, and issue a report somewhat as follows. . . .

Barnyard Magazine. For October. Most stories safe for pagan readers. One piece of fiction, however, is vicious, containing a subtle attack on marital infidelity. Husband and wife, though true to their wedding vows, are pictured as noble characters. . . . *The Sub-Deb:* September. Ten splendid articles favoring birth control and mercy killing. One story, however, throws sympathy to a doctor who refuses to kill a patient. Excuse given is that the patient, though sick, did not want to be murdered. . . . *Big Kick Magazine:* September-October. For the most part follows the pagan line. Several stories, however, are questionable. One glorifies a couple who, though married, have children. Impression left with an unthinking reader might be that married people should have children. Another story shows a heroine hesitating about committing suicide, and could have a bad effect on female pagans. Another seems to oppose elimination of the population.

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